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Poetry.

IN CHURCH.

She's the dearest little lady,
And her eyes are deep and shady
As she kneels.
And her look of pure emotion
Shows how true is the devotion
That she feels.

She is plump, and oh, so pretty!
With her no one in the city
Can compare.
Of her charms, I might make mention,
Her sweet eyes are like the gentian,
Blue and rare.

She has hair of richest tinting,
Softest brown, with gold gleams glinting
Here and there.
On her cheek a hue reposes
Like the hearts of blushing roses,
Yet more fair.

I could read a page of Latin
Sooner than describe the satin
Of her gown.
Of its shade there's no divining,
So I watch its silken shining
Looking down.

O she's such a dainty treasure!
I could never, never measure
All her charms.
So I sit and lose the preaching,
Only thinking now of reaching
Her soft arms.

On the sermon's speedy ending,
All the hopes are now depending
Of my life.
My excuse, if you'll believe me—
Full confession will relieve me—
She's my wife.

OCTOBER.

October is the month that seems
All woven with midsummer dreams;
She brings for us the golden days
That fill the air with smoky haze;
She tempts for us the lingering breeze,
And wakes the gossips in the trees,
Who whisper near the vacant nest
Awaken by its feathered guest.
Now half the birds forget to sing,
And half of them have taken wing,
Before their pathway shall be lost
Beneath the gossamer of frost;
Now one by one the gay leaves fly
Zigzag across the yellow sky;
They rustle here and flutter there,
Until the bough hangs chill and bare.
What joy for me—what happiness
Shall closer the day, the night shall bless?
'Tis Hallow-e'en, the very last
Shall keep for us remembrance fast,
When every child shall duck the head
To find the precious pippin red!

IN PORT.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Safe, safe in port!
Ah! blessed is that long expected hour,
When, safe from all the cruel sea's dread power,
From furled storms and tides and buffetings,
The driven ship toils close to the desired wings,
And every tearful watcher of the bay
Is heard the seamen's gladsome roundelay—
Safe, safe in port!
Safe, safe in port!

Ah! blessed is that longed for, hungered hour,
When, safe from all life's dread and hurtful power,
From woe of waiting drear and doubt's deep stain,
The breaking heart no longer sobs but sings;
And, harbored in love, consecrate and lest,
Through home-side bliss the soul's true love songs nest—
Safe, safe in port!

Our Story Teller.

A FAIR FACE.

The Doctor's sharp eyes seemed to soften a little as the rough-looking fisherman, who had stated his case with so much feeling, ceased speaking. "Poor fellow!" he said to himself; but when he spoke aloud there was less commiseration in his voice.

"You may send for as many fashionable doctors as you please, and spend all the money you can lay your hands on," said he, "but in the end you will find that what I say is true. Good nursing, care, is all that your wife needs. She's run down and must be built up."

"Did you tell her so?"

"Yes, sir; I made as plain a case of it for her as I could."

"She didn't tell you, though, what that woman who came to see her said about an operation."

"When?"

"Last Sunday."

"I haven't been to the Beach in a fortnight, for the reason that I told 'Liza when I was there last, as I'd told her before half a dozen times, that she must eat more and do less. If she'd follow that prescription up she would be surprised at the results."

"She hasn't any appetite; that's the worst of it. She can't eat, she says."

"I gave her a cordial. If you would get some girl into the house to do the work and keep her company that would be a good thing, Brush."

"There won't anything satisfy her short of that Portland operator."

"You can do as you please about him," replied the Doctor, who failed to understand the mood of Brushwood Long, or Long Brushwood, as the fishermen of the town called him down the coast as far as his boat was known. "I shouldn't think it was necessary to bleed her because her blood had got to be as thin as water," he continued. "But like as not it would be the best thing. If you think so try it, 'specially if you are in a hurry to get rid of 'Liza. This treatment you're speaking about would just about equal the bleeding."

"I tell you," said Long indignantly, scowling on the little doctor, whom one of his powerful arms could have crushed in its grips, "I tell you if she takes a notion, the devil himself couldn't stop her."

"Suppose she will walk down to Portland if you don't send?" replied Thompson, with a more kindly tone in his voice.

"You know I ain't looking for a miracle. She hasn't been across the doorsill in three months," said Long, failing to take the doctors meaning.

"If your wife wanted a razor and was desperately tired of everything, you wouldn't give her one and leave her alone with it, would you?"

Brushwood started and shuddered; his eye fell before the doctor's gaze—for, an honest man as he was known to be, he looked conscious, almost guilty. The doctor took pity on him and went on, to save him the necessity of speaking:

"Then just try what I advised for one month. I understand the case. I haven't any pride about having another doctor called in. You know me, Long. Try what I advise. Treat your wife kindly. You always have? Well, I mean kinder than kind. Try now. I know you are a good fellow, but even good fellows get impatient sometimes, when things bother them at home, and there don't seem to be any let up for them in-door or out, night or day. You be cheerful around the house. Make light of her not being able to run about and do the work; get a girl to stay with her. Pretend that you've had a windfall, if she says you can't afford it. You'll see her coming up—slow, perhaps, but sure. She don't need an operation any more than a hen needs to have her head cut off for the improvement of her voice. But, if you really haven't any confidence in what I say, why, of course, go to Portland for help—or Boston, or New York, if you please. There are doctors enough." I won't charge you anything for this advice; and now I must go about my business."

"So must I," said Brushwood, with a sigh, looking up at the sky and around and about.

But he did not hurry away to his work, as the doctor did. He sauntered down the road toward the beach, and satisfied himself that his boat was lying where it was moored. As he walked on to the pier, and stood there a few minutes, he chanced to overhear the talk going on among two young girls and two young men who stood looking toward the bay.

"No, no; let's go this morning—now," urged one of the girls; "it may rain before night." She spoke as one who expected to gain her point.

"And waste the whole day?" replied one of the young men. He was quite serious in his remonstrance, for as he spoke he turned his eyes from his companions—he wished to maintain his ground, and doubted his ability to do so without giving offence.

"What are we here for, I would like to know?" said the other girl, not so urgently as the first speaker, but as if on grave, deliberate consideration of the case, "I wish," she added, with a trifle more of spirit, "I wish, Dan, you had left your books at home."

"Then you would have seen a pretty fish out of water," exclaimed the second young man, laughing. "It would have made our stay here mighty short."

"I am very sorry that nothing else can be thought of except books," said the young lady who began the argument. She was only half sorry; the other half she was selfishly vexed.

Dan looked at her. "A fellow who has to make his way in the world must think of something besides enjoyment," said he, with a reproof that had a tender sound. "But I'll own to you," he added, with a beautiful candor, "I haven't got away from Saturday so far that I have forgotten that it is play-time. We'll go this morning, if I can get a boat;" and he turned from his companions whistling, "Be gone, Dull Care!" and seeing Brushwood Long near by, began at once to negotiate with him, stepping quite apart from his companions as he did so, and speaking in a low voice.

Brushwood, feeling that he had a double reason for it, answered gruffly, "I want the boat myself this afternoon."

"We shall be back early," promised Mr. Dan. We must—good gracious! I can't give up the whole day to sailing."

"You can't tell what you'll do after you once get outside the bay," said Long. "If you're down that your time's worth anything to you, you'd better not go at all."

This advice was given with so bitter an emphasis that Dan looked at the speaker surprised. He was displeased, too, for he was now quite decided about going.

"Time is worth something," he said, "nobody knows that better than I do. If you'll get us ahead of ourselves ten minutes in starting, we'll be back by the time you want your boat. We will, I promise you; you may depend on me."

"Might as well advise the tide not to go out," muttered Brushwood. "Don't I know it? * * * The boat is ready now, sir," he said aloud; and down the rocky path he walked to the pier, followed by the triumphant three and by the conquered other, better and braver, and nobler than they all.

As they sailed from the harbor into the bay Brush stood looking after them. He had understood perfectly well what was passing through the minds of those young people, though to a mere observer they belonged in a sphere entirely different from that in which he lived.

Few were the words the words the young lady need speak in order to turn the young man from the path which he preferred. It was even happiness for him to yield his will to hers. Brushwood remembered how easily a glance of the eye, a smile or a word could have moved him once—did move him once; and he felt an impulse to stride along the coast rocks in advance of the voyagers and beckon to the young man, and shout to him:

"You're all wrong! Come back. You're wasting time. You're learning the thing that will fail you. Love is a snare. Success in the world will satisfy you, and that alone. Let the women go." He felt that he must disenchant those eyes—show them the world's end.

But he did no such thing as this. He went back to the shed where he had been working all the week, thinking the devil would be in it that, by the gate called "Beautiful," a man should enter the dominion of Poverty and incur the responsibilities, cares, miseries, pertaining to it.

All that morning, after he had seen the young people off, Brush stood in Joe Sprague's shed sorting porgies, and doing a sum in simple addition. He was determined to be sure of course he would pursue. He would do as the doctor advised: find a girl—Poll Carrol, of course—to go down to the Head and look after things there for at least a week or so; and he would send down the stores he had got from Ellsworth by the stage driver. Tripp could take them; the roads were so heavy from the recent rains there would be no demand on Sandy Bay livery. As to going down himself, what was it he said? He said nothing, but his black eyes said for him that he wouldn't. Then he went on with his calculations.

In these he was interrupted by the entrance of a party of ladies who sought refuge under Sprague's roof from the rain-storm in the sudden overtook them. Interrupted—though the party was at the extreme end of the shed, and certainly took no thought of him. He was too far off even to hear their words as they chatted and laughed, light-hearted enough to find merriment at Bar Harbor in even so dull a fact as a sudden deluge of rain.

Joe Sprague, limping about and busy nailing up the boxes he had packed, could tell them all they wanted to know about trade in the fish line; and Brush, even at his distance, could see that he answered to his own and their satisfaction.

These were the same ladies whom Long had noticed about Bar Harbor during the last fortnight. Sprague had taken them out in his boat to see the sunset from the water once or twice, and one day Brushwood himself had lain in his fish boat within sight of them, becalmed for hours, as they were, off Great Head.

He went on with his work after their entrance as though nothing had happened. But something had happened, for, lifting his eyes from the boards on which he spread the fish for drying, what did he see but a face on which his thoughts would fasten in spite of him. The face of the lady, who had blue eyes and soft, brown hair, and a forehead beautiful for the sweet peace enthroned on it—what was in that face that attracted him? Goodness? peacefulness? kindness? buoyancy? Was it the combination of color—the pale rose, the light brown, the deep blue? Whatever it was, Brushwood Long, the stalwart fellow, browned by wind and sun, black-haired, keen-eyed, resolute, found himself absorbed. Joe could not get on with his calculations. While she remained in the shed he did not work in a way that would make his services desirable to any employer. It was singular that his thoughts loitered in the shed. Why did they not follow his sailboat down the bay? Whereabouts, now, was it likely that party of young folk had found shelter? At Schoon Head, perhaps—most like; he thought he saw the "Devil's Oven" in the eyes of the girls as they sailed away triumphantly. Well, they were safe enough if they had gone so far. But even if they had not gone any where, doubtless they were safe enough, but sick enough of the sea, too, he dared venture to say. It was not the party in the bay, but the party in the shed that interested Brushwood. And of that party, one. When the storm had passed over the little party went away, and after a while Brushwood resumed calculations. Yet he had carried more than one of them in any other week he could remember. It was because he had stayed at the Bar—kept at his business by daylight and candle-light. How could a man expect to make any headway, tied to the house by an ailing wife? It was was lucky that Sprague got into that strait, and sent for him. He was like a cart wheel pried out of a rut. What smooth rolling he was indeed him, if he could only keep out of the rut.

The week's experience had persuaded Brushwood that he never could go back to the Beach and live after the old fashion, doing a woman's work—hanging about the house, growing lazy and so cross that he hardly knew himself; the very children were getting to be afraid of him. 'Liza's name, once the sweetest of all sounds to him, and not so long ago that he had forgotten the day, now made him shudder. A strong, wide-awake, impatient fellow, kindly in his way when all the world pleased him, tied to a sickly wife—that was the situation.

And what was to be done? No doubt it was all nonsense with the Portland doctor; he wished these women who couldn't anything to let well enough visit his wife and fill her head with notions about city doctors would stay away and let her alone. Every one of them had a new remedy. He had already spent more money than Liza dreamed of in getting their prescriptions made up; and not a bit of good from any of them all, as he could see. He wished he had never listened to one of 'em. Tompson talked like a sensible chap—he understood the case—and no wonder he got mad when he, Brush, hinted about the Portland doctor. How would he like it himself if anybody at the harbor claimed to know more about curing porgies than he did?

In the afternoon, a little after 3 o'clock, he told Sprague that he had finished his stent, and must have the rest of the day to himself; he thought it time he showed he hadn't forgot he was the father of a family. Sprague laughed. He was a little disappointed that Brush should quit so early; but he understood his man, and knew nothing was to be gained by expostulation or argument. "Go ahead," said he. "You're off for the bench, I s'pose. 'Liza will be looking for you by this time. Come back Monday. Such another week as this will clear the sheds out monstrous dry, if you've the mind."

"I'll be round, if nothing happens," said Brush; and he started in search of young Tripp. Sprague called after him:

"Don't you let anything happen if you can help it, Long. You see how deuced cramped I am for help."

"Well," said Brushwood; but he added to himself, as he went on: "A mess of fish is a—a mess of fish. If he's a cramped man, I wonder what the devil I am!" A few minutes of rapid walking and he was standing before young Mr. Tripp's stable door. Mr. Tripp himself, proprietor of the stable, a span of horses and two ponies besides, was sitting on the door-sill, smoking. Brushwood addressed him with apparent directness, but, in fact, with much inward vacillation.

"I want you to drive over to my house with some things, Rufe," said he, "groceries and other traps, and bring me word back how they're getting on."

"Ain't you going yourself?" asked Tripp, without moving, speaking with his pipe between his teeth.

"Not to-night. I've been driv within an inch of my life, I tell you. And now I seem to hear the fishes calling for me. I haven't tried my hand at an oar for a week; if I don't keep in practice I shan't be fit for anything."

"I guess that's the last thing there's any danger of," said young Tripp. "Did you send a party out to quiet your fishes? I see a set coming down in your boat about noon, looking like drownded rats."

"Yes—will you go?" asked Brush, unable to conceal the impatience he felt that so many words must be used in making his arrangements.

"And lose the chance of making dollars, when I'll only get cents out of you?" said young Tripp. His experiment of setting up in the horse and wagon business that summer had proved so successful that even Brushwood Long, vexed though he was, felt that Tripp was justified in taking that way. Who but the successful should rule?

"I'll pay you your price; that's all you ought to expect of me," said he, after a moment's pause. "What'll you ask? Go down and get back as quick as you please. Or you needn't go till evening—but say, you'll go, darn you!"

"There won't be any moonlight, I s'pose?"

"What if there is? Is it likely folks will want your teams for pleasuring over these heavy roads by night?"

"How can you tell what they'll want? But I'll go, Brush. Where's your stuff?" Tripp got up from the doorstep.

This sudden termination of the argument was owing to the fact that Mr. Tripp suddenly recollected that he was indebted to the man before him for encouragement in his livery stable enterprise, and that Brush had even lent him money; and that, moreover, he had now for the first time sought to avail himself of his business services.

"I'll be round with the things in ten minutes—by the time you get your harness on," said Brush; and even while he spoke he hurried away to the room which he had occupied in the tavern during the past week, and thence he brought one sack of flour and another of potatoes, together with packages of sugar and tea and other household stores.

"Looks as if you'd jest set up housekeeping," said young Tripp, with admiration; and he ran into his stable for a box, in which he placed the flour and the groceries, packing them with care, singing meanwhile cheerily:

Ready for the road, boys, ready for the road.

"I shall be back," said he, as he took up the reins—he paused as if to calculate the distance—"in two hours. Any word for your wife, Brush?"

Brushwood hesitated. His dark face took on the faintest tinge of red as he said: "Tell 'Liza I'll be back pretty soon. Sprague wants me next week. 'Liza must take good care of herself, tell her. Tell her if she wants Poll Carroll I'll send her down. Poll can step about pretty quick, and she's lively. Don't forget to say that, Tripp. And you'll be passing Poll's house as you come back. If 'Liza will have her, and if she won't—any way, you stop and tell Poll to go over; I'll see she's well paid for her work. Say so from me. That's all—no, darn it! I forgot; here's $12; perhaps there's some little thing 'Liza may be wanting afore I get back."

"Such lots of chances of spending money down at the Beach," said young Tripp, laughing heartily, and he drove off laughing. How should he know that he had been standing on the crumbling edge of the gulf of Blackness or Darkness?

"Don't forget to give it to her," said Brushwood without a smile; and as Tripp drove away without losing one more moment down to Ellsworth, and himself engaged young Poll to go over to Sandy Beach and stay with his wife and the children through the next week, as very likely he should be away from home.

Before young Mr. Tripp returned Long Brushwood was sailing down the bay in the boat in which the young people would represent that they had seen mermaids through the morning shower. His intention had been to wait until Tripp came back. But when his boat was ready he suddenly loosed it from its moorings, and anybody who saw him sailing away supposed, of course, that he had quite work carry to go home to 'Liza, for as Bar Harbor people knew that Brushwood was the husband of a feeble wife and the father of four children. Home, of course, he was going. That much people know of each other! Thus wisely they judge!

Was Brushwood Long capable of deserting his wife and his children? That was the thing he had determined upon.

Nefarious! Why he had not left them to starve—a burden to any. He would remember their need. He would never forget them. And he had not once said to himself, in so many words, "I will desert them."

Yet he was sailing from the harbor in the hope and with the expectation that morning would find him miles and miles away from Sandy Beach.

So he sailed between the islands, and cast instead of west; and at nightfall he was sailing, and when the moon rose, sailing still.

Was he sleeping, by and by, when he passed from bay to ocean? No; he only cared not whither he went, so it was away from Sandy Beach. He had not intended to go until he had received, through Tripp, some information in regard to 'Liza; but now it added somewhat to his peace of mind that he was left in doubt by his premature departure, for which the sailboat, and not himself, somehow was responsible. Long Brushwood was not notably a coward. Perhaps not cowardly in the least by reputation, but when a man has determined to take himself out of the way of duty the less said about his courage or his bravery the better.

It was pitiful to see this strong fellow, who could face any danger, endure any exposure, so quick in resources, resenting the fact that he could not compel nature to submit to his will. He could be patient enough when storms tore his sails to rags and stove in his boats and put him to all manner of loss; but the household disorder, family discomfort, 'Liza incapable, a burden, children uncared for—all this was too much. In a month, or three months, or six, or a year, he would come back, but now he was going! It would be better for 'Liza to think she had only herself to consult about the Portland doctors. All that business would be settled before he came back. Perhaps, before he came she would find that Thompson's advice was good enough to follow. There were men, husbands, fathers of children, who sailed away and never came back, never were heard of again. He did not reckon himself among these. 'Liza would expect him, and he would come. But—now he was going!—

With the sun the wind went down, and from that time until midnight Brush worked at the oars, thinking of the good week's work he had done, and of what Tompson had said in the morning—of those young people, too, who hired his boat because it was Saturday, holiday of the young the world over. Then he thought of the rain-storm, and of the ladies who sought shelter in the shed; and around the recollection of these women his thoughts hovered the remainder of the night.

These women, I said. And yet he had seen but one of them—among three bright faces only one; that one, certainly, the fairest and loveliest.

While he was thinking of her he dozed over his oar and seemed to see her standing on the beach—that beautiful, smooth beach of yellow sand back of his house—between his wife and the sea. What could she be doing there at such an hour, alone. She seemed to be watching him.

Absurd! and yet, though absurd, he found it not easy to rid himself of the fancy when he straightened himself up on his seat, and laid vigorous hold of the oars again.

What if that woman should happen down at the Beach? Say she happened down there that very Saturday afternoon after Tripp had gone away. It was by no means a rare sight, a stranger lady in 'Liza's little bedroom, or in her kitchen, if she was able to be up and about, talking with his wife about her ails. It was a pleasant drive from Bar Harbor to the Beach; folks generally wanted a glass of water by the time they had gone as far as his house, and there was no other house in the neighborhood at which they could ask for it. And why not this lady, as well as another, talking with 'Liza before she had got over the surprise that he was not coming home, and that he had sent all those provisions and the word about Poll Carrol!

He saw the bag of potatoes and the sack of flour and the parcels lying where Mr. Tripp had left them. When Poll went down in the morning she would take care of the stores. Of course, Tripp would lay them down in the first handy place. Poll would look after them and after the children, too; Marianne, his little daughter, 7 years old, whould then cease to be at the head of household affairs.

The moon was shining brightly, but a haze was over the sea and around the boat. Clouds imperceptible to any other than the seaman's practical eyes assumed threatening aspects, like some in Hamilton's pictures, but the eyes of that woman who listened to his wife's story seemed to be piercing through them all.

'Liza was a fair faced, brown-haired, blue-eyed woman, too, when he married her. Yes; when he married her she was the prettiest woman in Bar Harbor. Everybody acknowledged it. Could he ever forget how she looked when they stood in the church porch for a moment, just before they went in to be married that summer afternoon in the presence of the old friends and neighbors assembled to witness the ceremony? It was a long time since he had recalled that picture 'Liza made for his heart on their wedding-day.

But now, without invitation, these recollections of the past came, and he fell into a sort of a dream again, and seemed to see the lady whose fair face had drawn him into the fair of pitiless memory herself placed suddenly where 'Liza was. He saw that the light of sickness had passed over her lovely face, and that she sighed oftener than she laughed. She crept about on weary feet which almost refused to bear her pain-racked body. Once she had run and leaped through those same paths, and now—oh, monstrous! they who had loved and followed and flattered her forsook her and fled! He saw her deserted, abandoned by those to whom she had no right to look—to the pity of those on whom she had no claim! turning from one consoler to another—disappointed and deceived in all.

That was an ugly dream to indulge in with eyes wide open—that one bright star above him, the dark waters all around.

He sang a verse of a sailors' song which celebrated the freedom of the mariner, and then began to look diligently about him for some familiar point; but he was unable to tell where he was, for fog lay between him and the land and between him and the ocean.

Walking from one end of his boat to the other, he chanced to stumble, and as he picked himself up he stood stupefied by his behind what made him think of that skulking figure which he saw gliding across his father's fields one summer day at high noon, with his coat turned inside out and a red handkerchief tied about his chin? That pitiful figure of flying guilt had impressed itself on the mind of the boy; and the man saw in it now a prophecy of the showing forth of himself—his manhood—and this night!

Suppose the woman about whom he had been thinking should see him now, would she see a flying thief? Would her eyes follow him with contemptuous wonder? He seemed to hear a voice, "For shame!"—a soft, low voice it was; and he did not smile at his own fancy which gave speech to the waters.

On the morning that followed that strange night, when the fog cleared away, Long Brushwood found that he was lying before Pike's Point. That was very fortunate! Near Sandy Beach? No; ten miles away to the east. The thing to be done, of course, was to put into port and talk with old Hosford about running that provision boat between Portland and Pike's. No, it was not.

That thing to do was to go home. He would be obliged to row all the way—a long, hard pull after such a night. No matter. Having decided to go back, it was easy to go. I had almost said sail back, for Long Brushwood finished his meal with a dram of Hollands, and stepped at the yard for a drink, he was thinking of that flying criminal again. But not of himself as skulking away from the face of man and woman.

Crossing his threshold with no stealthy step, but as a man might pass the door which sheltered weakness and pain, some what settled, he then and there once say: "I'll have all about it. Everybody has a remedy for everything; but all you need is rest and nourishing food. You will get over it. There's no use of talking about water-cures, or anything of that kind. I've tried those remedies. Follow the advice of your own doctor. Eat and rest."

When he reached the beach he saw the face of the speaker; it was the face that had saved him—the face that had haunted him through the night.

When the children saw their father they sent up a shout. When their mother saw him a fear more painful to see than any witness of pain he had ever yet presented in 'Liza's face passed away. He understood that look. He saved its passing away. On his coming it had passed! And her kind face glowed with a fire kindled by a coal even from God's altar, as he went past the fair-faced women, folded 'Liza's hands between his own hand palms and kissed her and asked if Poll had come.

Why Tarbox Howled.

Look at that blame individual over there in the red flannel shirt which is not even on speaking terms with soap. You might not think from a casual observation that he has any peculiarities whatever, but the other day he came down with a terrible toothache—all one that reared and kicked and "hooked" all within thirty seconds, till this world ceased to have any attractions for the man who was entertaining it. Well, he just couldn't stand it any longer, and started post haste for a dentist in a neighboring town.

The proprietor of a hardware store in close proximity to this dentist was standing in the door of his store that afternoon when he heard a most terrible and ear splitting shriek proceeding from the office of the man of teeth. He had become accustomed to moans and subdued exclamations from that quarter, but never had he heard such bellowing as now pierced the air. His curiosity was so thoroughly aroused that a little later on he walked into the dentist's office and said: "Whom have you been butchering over here? I never heard such a yell in all my life."

"Oh," replied the extractor of molars, "that was old John Tarbox, from T——. He had a tooth out."

"Had a tooth out!" replied the visitor, "well, I should think so, and it must have come mighty hard to fetch such a roar as that."

"Oh, dear, no," said the dentist, "he didn't make that noise when I pulled the tooth. It was afterward."

"Afterward!"

"Why, yes," was the reply, "the tooth came out enough. The time he fetched that cry of agony was when I charged him 50 cents for doing the job!"

Regard for the Proprieties.

A country maiden who was newly engaged ran in familiarly to see a neighbor one morning, and after she was gone the hostess mentioned the fact to a third acquaintance.

"I haven't seen Alice before since she was engaged," she said. "She was looking wonderfully bright and happy. I am glad she is in such good spirits."

"Did you congratulate her?" asked the other. "What did you say?"

"Congratulate her?" echoed the first speaker. "Why, no, how could I when I had on my old calico and my hair wasn't even combed? I've got to go and see her for that."

Which shows that the social proprieties are not lost sight of even in the rural districts.

His Death-Bed Conundrum.

A story writer suddenly began to laugh, and he went it up until he got tired. When he was sufficiently recovered to articulate, he said: "My dear, something very funny has occurred to me. Why are great writers, when they die, like little Bo-peep's sheep?" "Because they leave their tales behind them," responded the lady, wearily.

A Resonable Compromise.

"Will you please give me a dime?" said a tramp to a nearsighted man, "I'm blind."

"I'm half blind, too," said the glass-tipped man.

Then give me a half a dime," said the tramp.

Humor.

COMMODORE AND CATS.

A New Story of the First of the Vanderbilts—Cats Cost Him $100.

The Listener has a new story of Commodore Vanderbilt, which comes to him from a source so likely to be authentic that he cannot doubt it. The Commodore, as most people know, did not take very kindly to removing from Staten Island to New York city when his affairs began to prosper, but was compelled to do so in order to be near his business. He bought a house just on the outskirts of the city where he thought he could be sure of comparative quiet. He found a comfortable place close by a graveyard, with not many houses about him, and settled down.

The first night he spent in the place was a terrible revelation to him. Instead of the absolutely quiet surroundings of his island home, he had an abundance of vocal with the yells of what seemed a thousand cats. The neighborhood must have been, he was convinced, a favorite resort for all the cats in the city. They rendezvoused in the graveyard, and flocked on his back fence, and perched on his shed roof, and caterwauled madly all night long. He slept scarcely five minutes at a time. The next night the same performance was repeated, and the next. Instead of getting used to it, the commodore was getting more and more nervous and slept less and less. The wear and tear began to tell on him.

Vanderbilt had his boots blacked every morning by a lad who had stationed his box not far away, making an arrangement with the boy in order to get the shine reasonably cheap. One morning he sat down in the boy's chair with such a weary air and with so haggard a look on his face that the boy asked sympathetically:

"Wot's de matter, customer?"

The commodore, for want of a better confidant, opened his heart to the bootblack and told him the borrowing tale of the cats.

"Wot'll yer give me, boss," said the boy, "if I'll clean out all de cats for you?"

"What'll I give you? Why, I'll give you a dollar apiece for every cat you kill in my yard," said the commodore.

"All right, customer," said the bootblack, "I'll be there to-night."

That night the commodore slept as he had not slept since he left Staten Island. He awoke in the morning with the delightful sense of having slept only about fifteen minutes, and yet knowing that he had slept soundly all night. When he went out he found his bootblack sitting on the front step.

"How'd you sleep, boss?" asked the boy.

"Splendidly, young man, splendidly."

"Hear any cats?"

"Not a cat. How much do I owe you?"

"Come round in the back yard an' we'll see," said the boy.

They went around to the back yard. There were two rough-looking youngsters sitting on the fence, and on the ground was a pile of dead cats that made the commodore turn pale.

"For heaven's sake, how many cats have you got there?" he grasped.

"Ain't got 'em over in anoder pile, boss," said the bootblack, "an' you kin score 'em up."

The boy began to toss the cats over deliberately, and the commodore counted until he had got up to fifty. Then he called out:

"Hold on! That'll do. See here; I'll give you three dollars just five dollars apiece. That's big pay for a night's work."

"Can't do it boss," said the bootblack, "I've made de arrangement wid dese gentlemen here, an' de understanding is a dollar apiece for de cats."

"Well, I won't give you but five dollars each all around," said the commodore.

He pulled out the money and shook it in their faces, but the boys refused to take it. Finally they withdrew in silence, leaving the commodore aroused and ill-natured, with his cats. They formed a resolve to "get even with him," and made their plans accordingly.

That night the commodore had not been asleep very long before he was roused by the most unearthly caterwauling that he had ever heard in his life. He woke with the impression that there was a stack of cats at the foot of his bed. Then he fancied they were at least on the window sill of his room. But presently he became aware that they were somewhere in the yard near his window. He could stand it no longer, and sieged a loaded pistol that was in the bureau drawer and blazed away, one, two, three, shots, at what seemed to be the center of the disturbance in the yard. Then he heard a cry and a groan of anguish from some human being. He dressed partially and went out into the yard, and found there, writhing in pain, the following man, with a ball from the commodore's revolver in his leg. He also found a large gunny bag in which was a wriggling, plunging mass of cats, all of them howling now with a fury redoubled by the episode of the shooting. The policeman was able to explain that he had seen what seemed to be a wild animal of enormous proportions, which made a noise like a hundred cats plunging around on the commodore's lawn and had come over to investigate; and no sooner had he discovered that the object was a big gunny bag full of cats, and had prepared to release the animals, than the commodore had opened fire on him from the window, with disastrous effect.

The policeman sued Vanderbilt for damages; and the commodore had to pay him a thousand dollars to settle—a fact which became quite generally known. As to the cats, he knew where they came from, but the peculiar and unlimited nature of the transaction with the boys prevented him from mentioning it, or from breaking with the bootblack, who continued to shine his boots as of yore. The day after the commodore had settled with the policeman, the boy looked up from his box and remarked:

"Sleep well last night, boss?"

The commodore only grunted in response.

"Any cats nowadays?"

The Commodore jumped up from the chair.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "how many cats did you kill that night?"

"Ninety-three, boss."

The commodore pulled out his checkbook and hastily drew a check.

"Here's a check for $100," said he, "and now don't you ever say cats to me again in your life, nor talk about this thing to anybody else, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Agreed, boss," said the boy as he pocketed the check.—*Boston Transcript.*

Phenomenal Precocity.

"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door, "I've something the best to tell you."

"No!" said George; what is it?"

"Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right in the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now, baby," said mamma persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," said baby.

"Hear him!" says mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be?"

George says it is and tries to think so, too. "Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo bee, boo."

"Did you ever?" cries mamma. "He can just say everything! Now you precious little honey bunny boy, say, "Are you well, papa?"

"Boo, ba, de goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, doo, de, di, goo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."—*Tid-Bits.*

Better than Bonds.

"I see that you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes; we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our man is under $150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man, he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank!"

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see he has just run away from a Canadian bank with $200,000. I think he is safe enough."

A CORNER ON RATS.

A Freckle-Faced Grandson's Contract with His Poor Old Grandfather.

Old Mr. C—— was thrifty, like most of the Cape Cod people, with a high regard for the almighty dollar. He had a lively, freckle-faced, athletic grandson, as agile as a squirrel, who was named for him—Benjamin C. D——, since a man of a good deal of prominence on his own account—and who lived with him. The old gentleman's barn, as a good many other old places have done, became terribly infested with rats. The old gentleman was so greatly annoyed that he offered the boy 50 cents apiece for all the rats he would catch and show to him alive, on the premises—a precaution to prevent sharp practice on the part of the youth. After two or three days little Benjamin came to old Benjamin and asked him to step out into the barn. He did so, and was conducted to a big disused molasses barrel that stood in the middle of the barn floor, and asked to look into it. And there, on the bottom, was a wriggling mass of rats, three or four deep, struggling vainly to get out of the barrel.

"My gorry!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Where'd you get all these rats?"

"Caught 'em here in the barn, gran'sir."

"How many be they?"

"Eighty. That's just $40 gran'sir."

"Forty dollars! Why, I ain't goin' to pay you all that money."

"Ain't you? Didn't you agree to, gran'sir?"

"Well, yes, but I hadn't no idee when I did that you'd ketch such a tarnation lot."

The boy looked up. There was a rope dangling down from the beam above, that was used to help in climbing up to the hayloft. Benny pulled himself up hand over hand on the rope until he hung suspended over the barrel.

"Ain't you goin' to give me that $40 you agreed to, gran'sir?" said the boy.

"Never!" said the old man, looking over again into the barrel with its squirming mass of rats.

"Well then, here goes!" said the boy.

With a lively kick of his foot he upset the barrel in the direction of his grandfather. The squirming of rats poured out around the old man's feet. He leaped wildly up and down in terror, and sprang through the mass to a ladder that stood near. Then he ran up the ladder with an agility that he had not exhibited for 50 years. After that he remained in possession of the premises.—*Boston Transcript.*

KNEW THE SIGNS.

She Didn't Need to Read Answers in the Stars.

A traveler once put up for the night with a simple-minded old couple, in a lonely farmhouse. As he rode up to the door he heard the old lady say, in a tone of deep conviction:

"There! I knowed somebody'd come before night, for I dropped my dish-cloth on the floor this morning and it struck straight up. Then I dropped the dish-cloth at noon—another sure sign of company."

In entering the house the visitor carelessly struck his foot against the step and came near falling.

"Ah!" said the old lady, quickly, "which toe did you stub, the right or the left?"

"The right," was the reply.

"That's good; it's a sure sign you're going where you're wanted. Pa, shoo that rooster off the fence. If he crows there it will rain before morning."

A little boy suddenly ran into the room, crying out: "Pa, grandma, look! Here's a comet! I've seen it in the west."

"Ain't you! 'Em over in anoder pie, boss," said the bootblack, "an' you kin score 'em up."

The boy began to toss the cats over deliberately, and the commodore counted until he had got up to fifty. Then he called out:

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Recent Literature.

"The Hidden Way Across the Threshold" is the title of a most remarkable book recently issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It was compiled by Dr. J. C. Street, a member of several of the leading occult societies of the far East and elsewhere, who spent many years in thorough investigation among their secret archives, thus having had unusual opportunities to gain a knowledge of the theories set forth in these pages. He represents with clearness the different phases of the philosophy as understood and taught by the ancient Adepts and Hierophants, though to one who has never studied or thought in this direction his language appears at times mystical, and extravagant

One of the best chapters of the book is that upon "Rational Mind Cure, Metaphysics and Mental Healing," which is now attracting such a wide spread attention. It is an exhaustive essay upon the subject, and will be read with the kneenest interest by all who are seeking for a lost treasure, health.

"Evolution and Involution" are also fully treated of, and Dr. Street's exposition of them cannot fail to attract attention. So, too, with the chapter entitled "Adept, Seer and Mediumship." In fact there is not any part of the book which is not full of food for thought, whether the reader can accept all of the conclusions or not. There will, of course, be almost as many opinions in regard to these matters as there are individuals, and each one must read and reason for himself to the end.

The frontispiece is a representation of the ancient oracle of Delphi, while there are many other suggestive illustrations interspersed through the body of the work. The following will give an idea of the subjects treated of:

"From Night to Night;" "God and the Divine Image;" "Sacred Symbols;" Man and the Opportunities of his Life;" "Soul and Spirit World;" "The Astral Body;" "A World's Religion;" "Adept, Seer and Mediumship;" "The Cultivation of Spiritualization of Matter," "Metaphysics the Prayer of Thought;" "Evolution and Involution;" "The Great Mystery, or the Hidden Way;" "The Mahatmas;" "Translations, or Thoughts from Other Tongues;" "The Temple Within;" "Gathered Sheaves," and "Across the Threshold." The key-note of this extraordinary work is that struck long since by Pythagoras, and by the Egyptians, in their theory that the soul was the seed of the spirit fruit, coming out from the divine love and heart of God, never having had a beginning and to be without an end.

The volume is an important addition to the literature of Spiritism and must be regarded with exceeding interest.

A little book entitled "Massage; Principles and Practice of Remedial Treatment by Imparted Motion," has recently been published by John B. Alden, New York. It is from the pen of George H. Taylor, M. D., who is the author of several valuable health works, as an answer to the urgent appeal on the part of all chronic invalids for help, and a clear explanation of the principles upon which the massage treatment is founded. Dr. Taylor has in these pages opened a way for the invalid who has hitherto blindly depended upon his physician, to inquire into his own physical defects and what is necessary for a cure. The book is written in a style at once concise and simple, and treats of the mechanical processes of the massage treatment in a way easy to be understood by the genera reader.

"The Gates Between," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Those who have read her "Gates Ajar" and "Beyond the Gates" will find in this volume similar wonderful suggestions that are food for thought. The history given can hardly fail to set the most worldly minded people to thinking. The hero of the book is Dr. Thorne. He is a busy man, full of pride in his profession, anxious for a name, fame, and money, so overrun and overtaxed with work that his wife and children, make up a mass of contradictions that rivets the attention of the reader.

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The fall catalogue of Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York, is quite extensive, and includes many important titles and numerous art works of the best class. This house, by the way, is fast building up a reputation for its art publications and standard editions.

The biography of the Emperor William which Dr. Strauss (the "Old Bohemian," and the Major Goliath of "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings") was putting through the press at the time of his death has just appeared in London.

The baby's nose does not often receive the attention to which it is entitled. A thoughtful article by Dr. Kitchen, in the October *Babyhood*, shows why it should be both useful and ornamental, and how it may be made so, if not already.

Nearly two hundred and fifty magazines and reviews are indexed monthly in Brentano's useful periodical called *Book Chat*. A separate index is made of poetry. Under the heading "Without Comment" the books of the month are recorded alphabetically.

Maurice Leloir, whose charming illustrations in "The History of Manon Lescaut" and "A Sentimental Journey," will be remembered, has designed the illustrations for an edition of "Paul and Virginia," which will be one of the autumn publications of the Routledges.

The things most precious in a household are not always the most costly. Grant Allen, the popular English author, takes American readers through his cozy cottage in Surrey and describes his lares and penates; each object, though intrinsically of little value, has become endeared by its associations.

Dr. John Avery, professor of Greek at Bowdoin college, died at North Bridgeton, Me., on the 1st inst. Professor Avery was one of most accomplished orientalists in the country. He was versed in not less than fifteen languages and his learning was balanced by the modesty and candor of the scholar. Of late he has been particularly devoted to the study of Sanskrit.

Mr. John Addington Symonds is making a new translation into English of the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini." The work is to be illustrated with a portrait and eight etchings, and eighteen reproductions of the works of the master printed in gold, silver and bronze. The work will be in two volumes; 500 will comprise the edition for England. There are also to be 100 copies printed on large paper.

The Theatre (New York), which has been published only once a month during the summer, now resumes its weekly issues, beginning October 8, and this its many friends will be glad to hear of. Mr. Deshler Welch, the editor, has made *The Theatre* a bright and sparkling magazine; and, while its name may appear as affording only a certain scope, there has always been exhibited in its columns an industrious faculty of digression that introduces many clever items about society, art and literature.

George W. Cable will contribute a novelette to early numbers of the *Century*. It is an Acadian story, entitled, "Au Large," with the double meaning of the Acadian usage, "Out on the open prairie," and the larger application, "Out in the world abroad." The reader will meet again Claude (the hero), Bonnechance, Maximilian, Tarlor, Bonnie, Josephine and her daughter (now a woman), St. Pierre, and other characters of "Caranero" and Grande Pointe." The date is the year before the New Orleans Universal Exhibition.

WHAT STYLISH MEN WILL WEAR

Hosiery is at present plain, substantial and uninteresting.

The tendency of style in collars is toward higher shapes.

Small scarf-pins, set with bright-colored gems, sell like hot cakes now.

The never-failing "corkscrew" is as staple a suiting as ever, and not one seems to tire of it.

A great many cape ulsters will be worn the coming winter, and they will be as big and roomy as possible.

The low-cut vest cuts lower and lower, and any ordinary length four-in-hand would now be sufficient for all suicidal purposes.

Although attempts are made to sell them, silk handkerchiefs have almost disappeared from the American list of fashionable requirements.

Umbrellas are now made of pipe-stem leanness to admit of their being carried British fashion in all weathers, with the same facility as a cane.

Fancy vestings of silk, Marseilles and of handsome plushes will be worn on occasions ba ultra swells. In fact, almost anything peculiar goes.

The clothing of the day is positively somewhat in contrast with previous seasons' wear, but the goods are better, and on close inspection, richer.

Elderly gentlemen will find comfort in the frock and one-buttoned cutaway varieties of coat, but stout ones of all ages are counselled to affect three buttons.

Spring neckwear is said to be the best selling and the ultimate craze. As to shades, Butcher blue and Oxford gray are sold freely everywhere.

Plain shirt bosoms with a narrow cord, notwithstanding all the floreat fineness now prevalent, are both permissible and favored by a big constituency.

Just as furnishing men are making the effort of their lives in the way of suspenders, an unkind fashion leader talks of hip trousers to require none at all.

Men's underwear will be furnished this coming winter in a range of styles and textures never before seen in the market. They will vie for popularity with silk alone.

The so-called "cutaway sack" coat is one of the most popular shapes ever presented. It has the appearance of the first, and all the convenience for business wear of the second.

The gridiron barrel shirt has been consigned to his satanic majesty by a large and popular vote.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

How Much of a Democrat Grover Cleveland Is.

The administration candidate for the Democratic nomination is less easily satisfied. The fact that his nomination means the defeat of his party, which his administration has already done much to discourage and disorganize, has no weight with him. His solid convictions of the inadvisability and even danger of a President's seeking another term were melted long ago in the heat of his ambition. No matter how many votes his second candidacy would repel, no matter what elements of opposition, almost fatal to his first, still remains unreconciled, he is bent upon becoming a candidate again.

Of course the pretence, for it hardly can be self-delusion, is that the good of the party requires it. If defeat is for the good of the party, he may be right.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—We are willing to bear personal testimony to the efficacy and value of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we have been advertising some years in our paper, having used it for blood impurities with great success. It is a preparation of standard merit, made of perfectly pure ingredients, and thoroughly effective in cleaning and purifying the system. For eruptions, boils, etc., it can be relied upon every time. Our own experience with it has been most gratifying, and we are glad to give it this endorsement.—*Athol (Mass.) Transcript.*

An English Girl's Blunder.

The blunders of foreign visitors always strike one as far more droll than they really are. It tickles the vanity to find intelligent people making mistakes about matters familiar to those to the manor born, up a mass of contradictions that rivets the attention of the reader.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE LAND OF THE "DARNED MOUNSEER."

BY MAX O'RELL.

VII.—THE FRENCH IN TROUBLE.

The Opinion of the Greatest French Jurisconsult on the Administration of Justice in France—The Power of French Magistrates—How the French Understood Democracy—The Examining Judge—Inquisitional Proceedings—Correctional Police—Why the Bench is Occupied by Three Judges—How Three Eye Witnesses May Prove Nothing—A Scholar in Trouble—Vagrancy and Police Supervision—A Problem for Society to Solve —The Court of Assizes—Grand Spectacular Dramas—Juries Never Like Capital Punishment—"Exciting Scenes at the Scaffold"—Press Offenses—Comfortable Quarters—Happy Martyrs—A Journalist's Escape.

President Dupin, the greatest French Jurisconsult of the century, once said: "If I were accused of having carried off the towers of Notre Dame in my pockets, I would run away." A more severe criticism upon our judicial procedure could not have been pronounced. But is it too severe? Could you believe, for instance, that upon the least suspicion a French magistrate may order, on his own responsibility—a responsibility which no one has a right to question—a search or an arrest in any private house? He may issue such a warrant upon any presumption uncorroborated upon oath.

In France, we give almost unlimited arbitrary powers to a legion of magistrates, whom we expect to live in a state of independence on a salary of 60, 70, 80, or 100 pounds a year, and who are for the most part the failures of our bar. I warrant that there are more judges in a French town of 50,000 inhabitants than in the whole of England—quite as many, at all events. Judicial reforms have long been demanded by the democratic party, but none have been made, and I am bound to say that nothing excites public minds in France less than what passes in the courts of justice. When the Frenchman has paid his taxes, he thinks the government ought to see that everything is right. There are a few countries, as I have said elsewhere, in which democratic tendencies are more marked than in France. In spite of this, public opinion does not concern itself about judicial proceedings, because there is no country in which it is more feared and more easily submitted to. We seem to accept all forms of tyranny in order to shirk all responsibility. Democracy with us chiefly consists in holding up to ridicule a despotism, the acts of which we in turn approve by holding up to ridicule those who are the victims of it.

Let us see how the French Justices proceed with "Frenchmen in trouble."

When, in England, a man is arrested and informed of the charge brought against him, he says; "Very well, you will have to prove it," and the inspector of the police station says to him: "I must caution you against making any statement. In fact, anything you may say will be used as evidence against you." When, in France, a man is accused say, for instance, of stealing a watch, he is brought before the commissary of police, who immediately says to him: "You are charged with stealing a watch, the best thing you can do is to make a full confession, and the judge will be lenient with you." If he is guilty, and knows that the case is clear against him, he immediately makes a clean breast of it, and, as a rule, is quickly and leniently dealt with. But if he is innocent, or if guilty he thinks he can get out of the scrape, he, of course, answers: "You are mistaken, I am not guilty," and his troubles begin. He is sent to prison, and the following day is taken before the examing judge, called *juge d'instruction*—not in public, but in a private room. There this magistrate says to him, point blank: "You say you are not guilty, of course; if we were to listen to all of you, nobody would be guilty. Now, enough of that nonsense; you are charged with stealing a watch: prove that you are innocent." Now, if the prisoner is guilty, it must be difficult for him to prove that he is innocent; but, for that matter, if he is innocent it may be just as difficult. If the first comer were to accuse me of having stolen his umbrella a few days ago, I could more easily say I was innocent than to prove it. "So you persist in your denial," says the examining judge to the French prisoner, "very well, I will send you back to your prison. I hope that next time I send for you, you will have reflected, and discovered that the best way to serve your own interests is to make a full confession. Now, if this is evading the law which says that a man arrested shall, the day after his arrest, appear before a judge. The letter of the law is carried out, but not the spirit, for no examination takes place, and very often no sworn evidence exists. The prisoner goes back to jail, and the magistrate begins to get up the case against him. If the accusation is of a serious character, the man is placed *au secret*, that is to say, that not only he cannot communicate with his friends, much less see them, but he cannot even see his counsel or receive any legal advice. How long is he to remain in preliminary imprisonment before being sent to a tribunal? This entirely depends on the good pleasure of the examining magistrate, who is allowed by the law to keep him a year under examination. If, at the end of the year, the case is not sent for trial, the prisoner is discharged. I should, however, hasten to add that, as a rule, for an ordinary theft or offense that does not require long investigations, the accused undergoes only from two to six months' preliminary imprisonment before he is brought before his judges. During that time he is brought once or twice a month to the Palais de Justice, to be asked if "he still persists in his denial." These visits to the examining judge are most dreaded by French prisoners, especially in Paris. They sometimes have six or eight hours to wait for their turn, in a little dungeon six feet square, where they get neither food nor air. It is nothing short of torture, this inquisitorial examination in private. When, in the evening, the prisoner sees his cell again, it must look to him like Paradise compared to the hole he had to creep into during the day. At last, one day he receives intimation that his trial will take place.

But now mark well where the system is wrong. The prosecuting magistrates, called the *magistrature debout* (because they prosecute *standing*), and the judging magistrates, called the *magistrature assise* (because they try cases in a *sitting* position), belong to the same set. Indeed, the prosecuting magistrates are in time promoted to be sitting magistrates. The prosecution is not, therefore, independent as in England. The prisoner's case is settled before he appears in court, for both prosecuting and sitting magistrates have held a consultation over it, and the speech of the prosecution is merely delivered for form's sake.

The bench of the *Police Correctionelle* is composed of three judges, so that at least one may be listening when the other two are asleep. These men have power to award as much as five years' imprisonment and five years' police supervision. Nothing is more prosy than the proceeding of this court of justice, unless some waggish prisoner be bent on enlivening them by exhibiting his wit in his answers. The following passage at arms is still fresh in the memory of the Parisians.

"Prisoner,' said the presiding judge one day, "you say you are not guilty of robbing the prosecutor, but he will produce three witnesses who saw you in the act of snatching his watch from his person."

"Three! is that all, M. le President? Why, I could produce thousands who didn't."

I remember one man who was accused of stealing geese. Although plucked by the prisoner, the prosecutor maintained he had recognised them as his own.

"From their consumptive appearance, I suppose!" exclaimed the prisoner who, in France, can always speak at his trial. "And how is it you heard nothing when I stole them? You ought to know that geese will make a noise when interfered with. Why, M. le President, the prosecutor seem to be a most ignorant man. If he had read his Roman history, he would know that the geese woke up the Romans one morning by their noise, and warned them of the approch of the Gauls." The scholarship of the prisoner was not appreciated by the magistrates who gave him three months' imprisonment. It was present in the room, and I remember that the prisoner, as he was removed, exclaimed, "The magistrates are as ignorant as the prosecutor!"

One of the most frequent customers of the *Police Correctionelle* is the vagrant. In France a man is taken up for having no recognized means of subsistence. The first time he is convicted of vagrancy, he is sentenced to three months' imprisonment. When he comes out of prison, he may have five or six francs in his pocket, if he has been industrious. His position is precisely the same as it was before he went in, except that he is now a man who has been to prison, and, therefore, worse, if he be ever so anxious to get it, is not so easy to obtain. He fails to find employment, of course, and his five or six francs are soon exhausted; in a few days he is taken up again. I quite appreciate the answer once given by a fellow who was for the second time charged with vagrancy. "What are your means of subsistence?" asked the presiding judge. "Why, I have lived on them," answered the prisoner. The second time, besides a term of six months' imprisonment, the accused has to undergo from two to five years' police supervision, which means that he must report himself once a week at the police station. Considering that, by law, Paris and the five or six largest towns of France are closed to him, it would be just as well, and much more humane, to give him transportation for life at once. How is he likely to get employment in a town where he is seen paying his weekly visits to the police station? In the large cities he might have had a chance. When society, in the name of the law, deprives a man of his liberty, it undertakes to provide him with necessaries of life; but if it discharges him from prison, telling him he must provide for himself, and at the same time, imposes constraint upon him which makes it practically impossible for him to earn an honest living, what is the consequence? Vagrancy brings a condemnation and police supervision; police supervision brings impossibility to obtain work; impossibility to obtain work brings vagrancy. This is the vicious circle in which he is virtually enclosed.

It must be owned that the disgrace which attaches to a man who has forfeited his honor is quite just in itself; it is but an element of social order. As a collective individual, society should arm itself against the dangers that menace its peace, but its severity should be intelligent, and it should be careful to distinguish between the man who has expiated his fault and wishes to begin afresh to try and earn an honest livelihood, and him who shows no sign of repentance nor desire of improvement. Prisoners may be divided into two classes; those who wish to do well, and those who mean to continue in the path of criminality. These latter society can but abandon to their fate, but the others should have a helping hand extended to them to set them on their feet. They should be helped to obtain work, but how is the incredibly hard to find out. The problem to be solved is how to provide means for society to judge between these two classes of offenders. In America prisoners are constantly visited in their cells by people who cheer them up and provide them with work when they come out. In France, the only visit they receive is from the chaplain who exhorts them to pray to St. Joseph.

If the proceedings of the *Police Correctionelle* are dull and prosy, those of the Court of Assizes offers a different sight. We are now in a perfect theater. Nothing is want but stage boxes and the division of the seats into stalls and galleries. The prisoner himself often forgets his awful position and things of the public who gaze at him. He looks like a hero of fiction, the actor in whom the interest of the grand spectacular drama concentrates. Ladies of the highest society flock to the court, duly provided with scent bottles and extra pocket handkerchiefs. If, as is the case nine times out of ten, a woman is the cause of the prisoner's terrible position, they expect sensational scenes that would draw at the Porte St. Martin Theater, and they are seldom disappointed. At last, a little bell is rung. All are silent and breathless. The accused, accompanied by two gendarmes, enters the court, and sits on a high bench, well in view of everybody. Then come the three judges, with their scarlet gowns, followed by the advocate-general or public prosecutor. All take their seats solemnly. The performis about to begin.

"Prisoner at the bar," says the presiding judge, "stand up, and give me your name and surname." Then the examination of the accused by the judge begins. I cannot help thinking that the French are right in examining the prisoner before the jury. The French eye is remarkably quick to detect expression, and it seldom fails in understand the movement of the muscles of the face. Emerson said he knew an experienced counsel who once said to him that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who did not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict. Faces never lie. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling parts of the body. No man need be deceived who will study the character

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No notice will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Booth's Accomplices.

J. N. Anderson, Utica, Wis.:

Will you please answer the following questions through the BLADE: 1. Has England a written constitution, or not? 2. What were the names of the persons, connected with the assassination of President Lincoln, and what were their penalties?

1.—No. 2. The evidence against the accomplices of Booth had been worked up by Colonel Baker, the secret service chief. Only seven were ever found to be implicated in the conspiracy—David E. Harold, George A. Atzerott, Lewis Payne, Mary E. Surrat, Michael O'Loughlin, Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold, and Samuel A. Mudd. All were charged in the specifications brought against these individuals that they had been cited to their conspiracy by Jefferson Davis, and the members of the Confederate cabinet, President Johnson issued a proclamation May 1st directly charging the murder of President Lincoln on the Confederate officials, and offering large rewards for their arrest; and this belief was, as was natural in the excited state of public feeling at the time, accepted and correct by a large majority of the people of the Northern States. It was, however, shown at the trial that no evidence existed to implicate any person outside of the small number of men and accomplices of zealots it Washington who had formed the conspiracy. To satisfy somewhat the prevalent public excitement against the persons believed to be necessary to the safety of the Government, President Johnson, who was by temperament vindictive, wished to try these persons by a military tribunal. He therefore applied to the attorney general of the United States, Mr. Speed, for his opinion as to whether such persons were not subject to the jurisdiction of, and legally liable before, a military commission. Mr. Speed, in a long and labored argument, declared them to be so liable, and the President thereupon ordered their trial before a military commission composed of General Hunter, as president, and Generals L. Wallace, Kentz, Howe, Foster, Ekin, Harris, and Colonels Tompkins and Clendennin, as members. The case by the prosecution was conducted by General Holt, as judge advocate general, assisted by Colonel Burnett and Senator Bingham, and the defense of the prisoners was conducted by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, assisted by five other advocates. The trial was begun May 13, and continued to June 29. A great many witnesses were examined, and a most voluminous extent of testimony was taken. The commission sentenced Harold, Azterott, Payne and Mrs. Surratt to death by hanging; O'Loughlin, Arnold and Spangler to imprisonment at hard labor for life, and Spangler to hard labor for six years. July 5, these sentences were approved by the President, and Gen. Hancock, then in command of the military division at Washington, was ordered to carry them out. An effort was immediately made by the prisoners' counsel to have the proceedings of the commission revised, especially in the case of Mrs. Surratt, on which basis application was made for habeas corpus. But, although the writ was allowed, it was suspended by order of the President, and those who had been condemned to death were all executed July 7. Those sentenced to imprisonment were transported to Fort Jefferson on the Dry Tortugas, to serve out periods of their incarceration.

Origin of the Screw.

I. L. C., Smithville:

Please tell something of the origin of the screw.

It is not clearly known how far the mechanical powers were known to the ancients. There is no doubt that they comprehended the lever, the wheel and axle, and the pulley, and had an understanding of the principle of the inclined plane seems to have been necessary to the Egyptians in moving the huge blocks of stone of which the pyramids are built. Archimedes, about 250 B. C., invented the screw, or spiral, a mechanical power consisting of a cylinder, for raising water. The writer of this mechanical and philosopher form the theory of water we have to the extent of his knowledge of this work, and, indeed, his own intelligence was so far ahead of that of his contemporaries that much of his reasoning was not fully established as part of the world's stock of knowledge until centuries after his death. Appareus Archytas is also said to have invented the inclined plane, for he makes no direct mention of it, and we have no evidence to show that it was included in the knowledge of mechanics possessed by the Romans. The true discovery of the use of the inclined plane dates from the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the minds of men were just awakening from their long sleep during the dark ages. The discovery is generally ascribed to Galileo, but Stevinus, one of his contemporaries, a mechanician of Holland, was the first to explain in a treatise the true theory of the power. The screw is an application of the inclined plane, as may be seen by the construction of a wedge of paper around a cylinder. The screw and the wedge are alluded to by more than one writer of the sixteenth century, showing that a knowledge of their power formed a part of the revival of physical science in which Galileo took a most important part, if he did not wholly inspire it. The principle of the screw propeller was first enunciated by Hooke in 1681, though it was not successfully applied to the movement of vessels until the nineteenth century. The first use of the screw was in the screw-jack for raising heavy weights. The various modifications made in the machine of this power belong to the era of mechanical discovery in the present century.

Benedict Arnold.

Sethe, Iona Hill, Cal.:

1. Please give a cure for bed smelling feet when continued washing is of no avail. 2. Where is Benedict Arnold buried?

1. Wash them with salt and ammonia in the water and it will have a good effect. 2. Benedict Arnold was a native of Norwich, Conn., where he was born in Norwich, January 3, 1740. He joined the patriots soon after the revolution broke out and was commissioned a colonel in the service of Massachusetts. In 1775 he led a force of about 1,000 men through the northern forest, with the intention of capturing Quebec. Gen. Montgomery's forces were joined by Arnold at the St. Lawrence, and the attack made, but it failed. Montgomery met his death there and Arnold was severely wounded. Arnold became a brigadier-general, and in 1776 was noted for the skill and courage displayed in a naval battle on Lake Champlain. Some writers suggest that Arnold was disappointed after this because he was not made one of the first major generals; he became one in 1777. He was in the battle of Bemis Heights, and after that he quarreled with Gen. Gates. He was a volunteer at the fight at Stillwater, without a command, and was distinguished for his daring. He was again wounded, and was forced to retire for several months. He commanded in Philadelphia in 1778, and, living extravagantly there, contracted debts. In 1779 he married the daughter of Stephen, afterward chief justice of the state. Charges were made against him, and he was sentenced by court-martial to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. Washington was very mild in his reproof. Arnold was very much chagrined. In August, 1780, he requested and was given command of West Point, then the most important fortress of the young republic, and this he offered to surrender to Sir Henry Clinton. The capture of Andre disclosed the treachery, and Arnold, to escape it, fled to the British. He at once entered the British service, and commanded an expedition against Virginia. Near the conclusion of the war he went to England, where he was received with marked favor. He died in London in 1801, poor and despised, where he was buried.

Asbestus.

E. V. P., ——:

What is asbestus; uses?

Asbestus, a mineral very closely allied to tremolite, actinolite, and hornblende, and which along with tremolite and actinolite, is often ranked among the varieties of hornblende. It consists chiefly of silica, magnesia, lime, oxide of iron, and is of a fine fibrous character, the fibres sometimes combined together in a compact mass, sometimes easily separable, elastic and flexible. It is generally of a whitish or greenish color. The finer varieties of it are very much resemblee cork, is soft and easily cut, and so light as to swim in water. *Rock-leather*, or *Rock-wood*, are varieties somewhat similar to the former, but not so flexible. The finest fibrous variety, with easily separable fibres, is called *Amianthus*, from a Greek word signifying unpolluted, as Asbestus is from a Greek word signifying indestructible, because cloth made of it was cleansed by throwing it through fire. This cloth was used by ancients to envelop dead bodies placed on the funeral pile, so as to preserve the ashes of the body unmixed with those of the wood. Asbestus used for lamp wicks, and is often employed to fill vinaigrettes, being moistened from time to time with a few drops of aromatic vinegar. None of the varieties of Asbestus are very common. It has been found in small quantities in a position and allied rocks in different parts of the world.

Melchizedek.

Miss Lou Edwards, Udea, N. Y.:

Please tell all you know about Melchizedek.

Melchizedek, "king of Righteousness," according to Gen. XIV, 18, a "priest of the most high God," and May of Salem, "who went forth to meet Abram when he returned from the slaughter of king Chedorlaomer, brought bread and wine for the warriors, and blessed Abraham, who in return gave him a tenth of his spoils." One of the Psalms (C X, 4) ascribes the words, "a priest forever after the order of" Melchizedek, and in the Epistle to the Hebrews (vi. 20; VII. 1—21) represents him as a type of Christ, and as once as superior to the Aaronic priesthood. The apparent mystery connected with the person of Melchizedek and the nature of his priestly blood have at all times greatly excited. With regard to his residence, they are now generally agreed that Salem was a poetical name for Jerusalem. In the ancient church, and in the so-called Melchizedekites, regarded Melchizedek as an incarnation of a divine power, and as superior to Christ.

Walla Walla.

O. P. Darr, McLendon, Rockwall Co., Tex.:

Can you give me a description of Walla Walla valley and its products?

Walla Walla, the southeast county of Washington territory, has an area of 2,800 square miles. There are many broad valleys and fertile plains, with abundant timber. The valley of Walla Walla river covers a considerable area, and is very fertile. The Blue mountains cross the east end. The chief products are wheat, Indian corn, oats, barley, potatoes, wool, butter and hay. They manufacture bagging, harness, nash, doors and blinds, tin, copper and sheet-iron ware. Have flour mills, saw mills, etc.

Perpetual Motion.

W. B., New congdon, Ind.:

1. Did this country ever offer any premium to the inventor of perpetual motion, or any other country, and if so, how much, and when was it offered? 2. Is it something that a patent can be obtained for? 3. Will you tell us, in brief, what you can in regard to whether it is being tried yet by intelligent parties, or whether it is given up as impossible, or in other words, tell us in a condensed form what you know about it?

We have answered this query so often that we are tired of it, but suppose that people ignorant of the first principles of physics will keep on repeating it for a century or two longer. 1, 2. Neither the United States, nor any other country, nor any institution, or firm, or individual—that is *nobody*—has offered any reward, or premium, or anything else, for the invention of "perpetual motion." 3. No "intelligent man" is seeking for perpetual motion, for it is an impossibility. It is an axiom of physics that no force can be *created* by any human means, and that would be necessary in order to make a perpetual motion. We can convert force into motion, for example, as the heat stored in coal is converted into motion through the production of steam and the use of the latter in an engine; but that is all that can be done without the creation of force from on off and forced by a hydraulic pump through a series of sieves, and then worked up in what is called a pug mill, after which it is cut by a fine wire into rectangular blocks. These blocks are then molded into the shape of articles desired, some by the use of a lathe, and some by simply shaping them with the hands. The pieces are then partially dried, turned on a lathe with a sharp tool to give them a uniform surface, dried slowly in a drying-room, then baked or burned. In baking, the ware is kept a white heat for 36 hours. The pieces are then glazed by being dipped in mixture of ground feldspar, ground flint, sal soda, plastic clay, and boracic acid, the whole pulverized and mixed with a small proportion of white lead and a little cobalt blue. This glaze is mixed with water, the articles are dipped in it one by one, receiving a deposit like a thin paste on the surface, and then, when placed in the oven again, fuses and flows over it, making a coating of glassy smoothness. Fine white china, or porcelain, is made of finer materials than crockery, but the process of manufacture is similar.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Keep salt in a dry place and cheese in a tin box.

Never use for cake milk that has been boiled.

Matches should always be kept in a stone or earthen jar, or tin box.

Common cheese cloth makes an excellent strainer for acid fruits.

Eating onions and horseradish is claimed to relieve dropsical swellings.

A paste of plaster of paris and water will fasten on the brass cover of an inkstand.

A cloth wrung out of cold water and wound around the neck is said to be good for a sore throat.

It is claimed by some housewives that a little kerosene added to boiled starch will impart a nice gloss.

Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give relief almost instantly.

Lime water is good for chilblains. Use strong and hot. A saturated solution of alum in water, use hot, is also a curative.

If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cold water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it.

To remove machine oil from cotton goods rub the spots with hard soap and soft water as soon as they are observed, and they can be easily taken out.

Before using new earthenware place in a boiler with cold water, and heat gradually till it boils; then let remain until the water is cold. It will not be liable to crack if treated in this manner.

An excellent salve for bruises is the following: Take the leaves of catnip and bruise with salt pork in a mortar, or with a rolling-pin. If applied to flesh wounds and bruises of any kind, it will at once allay the inflammation.

If you have pictures hanging against an outer wall protect them from any possible damp by covering the backs with sheet lead, or else keep them from contact with the wall by corks fastened to the lower ends of the frames.

Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following, with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to inhale it. Lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.

—Get rid of that tired feeling as quick as possible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives strength, a good appetite and health.

How the Island of Nantucket Received Its Name.

"Do you know how Nantucket got its name?" was asked of a reporter the other day by an old resident of that island. "No? Well, I'll tell you. Many years ago the two islands, now called Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, were owned by a gentleman living on the mainland. He died, leaving two daughters, Martha and Nancy, to whom the islands fell. Finally, in course of time, the sisters became tired of holding them in common, and they mutually agreed to divide. Martha took one island, which eventually became known as Martha's Vineyard, because of the great numbers of wild grape vines growing on it. As to the other, Nan took it. From this, as in the vernacular of that region, 'took' is 'tuck,' follows naturally 'Nantuck-et.'"—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

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NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in the restoration of shapeless, disfiguring, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

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Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

STOOPING FORWARD.

Advice on the Subject from a Reliable Source.

Every one knows that stooping forward, particularly after rising quickly from the bed in the morning, when the stomach is empty and the heart has less than ordinary support from the viscera below the diaphragm, is very apt to occasion a form of faintness with vertigo, not unlike that which occurs in sea sickness. We do not at the moment speak of the faintness and giddiness from cerebral anemia, which are directly consequent upon suddenly assuming the erect, after long continuing in the recumbent, posture, but of the more alarming sensation of being in the center of objects which are rapidly passing away, usually from left to right, with loss of power to stand or even sit, and an almost nightmore feeling of inability to call for help or any thing to aver a catastrophe, while throughout the experience the sufferer retains painfully acute consciousness. This, we say, is familiar as one at least of the effects not uncommonly produced by stooping forward under the special conditions indicated. With many other varieties of the vertigo consequent upon heart weakness or cerebral anæmia, observation or experience has made us all acquainted. We can not, however, believe thinking that the consequences or even partial compression of veins of the neck, offering an obstacle to the return of blood from the head, with its important organs, are not so well recognized. The peculiar form—or, more accurately, the several forms—of headache distinctly caused in this way when long bowed forward on the chest, bending the neck on itself, cannot fail to occur to every one; nor will the high tension of the eyeball, the turgid and heavy eyelids, the snuffing nose, the deafness, with buzzing or throbbing in the ears, the heavy breathing and the puffed and perhaps flushed or darkened color of the face, resulting from the obstructed venous circulation through the bended neck, be forgotten. There are other and more perilous, though secondary effects of leaning forward when the heart is weak or the blood vessels are not so strong as they ought to be, which should not be overlooked. Beyond question, the extra strain thrown upon the apparatus of the circulation by anything that impedes the free passage of blood through almost any part of the venous system is more severe and dangerous than a physically equal strain thrown on the arteries. At least, this is so in adult life, and, without going further into details in connection with the modus operandi of the mischief to which we point it may be permissible to urge that the subject is one to which attention may be usefully directed. The weakly and those who are not unlikely to have hearts readily overburdened and blood-vessels stretched beyond recovery, or even ruptured, should be warned quite as earnestly against suddenly assuming, or too long retaining, postures which do—however slightly and partially—impede the return of blood through the veins of the neck. We know how long sitting may cause the veins of the legs to become distended and either give way or permit the extravasation of their contents. When this sort of thing happens, even though in comparatively trifling degree, in the case of vessels directly connected with such delicate organs as the eye, the brain, &c., it is easy to see that the results may be very serious in their character; and, probably, few postures commonly taken up by persons who lead somewhat sedentary lives are so prone to do mischief unnoticed as that of leaning forward as at work at a table which is not sufficiently high to insure the head being so raised that the veins of the neck may not be in any way compressed or the return of blood from the head embarrassed or delayed. We see reason to believe that if this apparently small matter were generally understood there would be fewer head and heart troubles, and we will go so far as to say that some lives now lost would be saved.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

Is Heaven Responsible for the New-Fashioned Girl?

"Bless the old-fashioned girl," says Bishop Cosgrove. "Heaven bless her and raise up others like her." So say I, and so we all of us, bishop. But whose fault is it that there are no more of her? Not Heaven's, by a long chalk. Heaven is in the government and nursery business to day many more than it was when grandma nursed her own children, this very "old-fashioned girl" among them. The "old-fashioned girl," from all we can hear of her, was a paragon of goodness and common sense when she was a girl, but—"oh, sir, the falling off" of the young! What kind of a mother did she make that good people mourn so sorely over the new fashioned girl? "Heaven raise up others like her." Why doesn't she raise up some like herself, Bishop? The "old fashioned girl" can't turn her babies over, body, mind and soul to an untaught savage that lands in the Garden with one change of linen and a feather bed only six weeks ago, and expect Heaven to "raise up" such children as her mother did. Heaven doesn't take a silent partnership in that kind of a firm. Unprofitable servants that we are we want Heaven to do everything. The trouble with the "old fashioned girl" is that she is not "old fashioned" in the qualities. She started off well enough, but got skittish about the distance pole, and, instead of perpetuating her own kind, she raised "new fashioned girls." Put that in your pipe and smoke it, grandma. You and the revolutionists will have to solve this problem between you. It's too deep for Uncle Sam, by the way. What's the matter with the "new fashioned girl," anyhow?—*Burdette.*

Addressing the President.

It is curious how much misinformation exists as to the proper title of the President of the United States. At Mr. Cleveland's reception in Philadelphia, Saturday, he was addressed by various persons as "Mr. President," "Your Honor," "Your Highness," "Your Excellency," "General," "Governor," and "Sheriff."

Mr. President, Mr. Cleveland is, and he has been sheriff and governor, although these two terms of honor may seem to have been lost in the larger title. But he has never been lieutenant governor of Massachusetts and so cannot be properly called his Honor, nor Governor of Massachusetts, and so cannot properly be styled his Excellency. It cannot be conceived that any American able to pound sand with a recipe in his pocket should call the President His Highness. It must have been some magnificent British tourist who applied that flattering unction. As for the title of general, perhaps the commander-in-chief of the army or navy may deserve it, although he never smelt powder, except by proxy, or commanded a brigade of militia. The President is as good as everybody else, and everybody in this land of the free may be a titular major, colonel, or general if he chooses to assume that style. Still, general is not the proper appellation of a president.

The flunkery and flummery with which the aristocratic Federalists of old would have surrounded the office of President were happily avoided by the wise makers of the Constitution; but there are plenty of people who, some from ignorance and a few from instinctive snobbishness, insist upon addressing the President of the United States with titles which do not belong to him.—*New York Sun.*

Scorched in Liberty's Flame.

When Engineer Eugene Newton chanced to stroll down to the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island he saw a circle of dead birds surrounding it. He knew at once what had happened, and so did Superintendent Littlefield, who came up at that moment and who has charge of the electric plant on the island. These gentlemen did not stop long before he told that the birds had been attracted by the light in the Statue's hand and had dashed themselves to death against it.

They gathered the dead birds into a heap, counted them, and found that they numbered 1,375. There were among them specimens of more than 100 distinct species. The largest bird was a Canadian woodpecker. It measured thirteen inches from wing to wing, and its girth was correspondingly great. The smallest bird was a one inch long, lovely-plumaged humming bird.

An examination proved that the heat of the light had blinded the unfortunate creatures, and that in not a few cases their brains actually had been scorched. Strictly speaking, hardly any of them were dashed to death, but many were fatally burned and blinded.

That thousands of other birds will probably lose their lives in the same way is almost certain. The flames from the statue can be seen by human eyes for 26 miles, and a bird's eye can certainly see it much further off, it goes without saying that during the season of migration many feathered favorites will be lured by it to an untimely and miserable doom.—*New York Herald.*

What the Brewers Make.

The trouble into which David Yaengling, jr., has fallen has revealed the fact that the brewers estimate their own profits on lager beer at $2 a barrel. In their organs and speeches at conventions they have always fostered the idea that they were making $1 a barrel, but the terms of their pooling arrangement in this city show that the real margin of gain is double the sum. So that one brewer in the city whose annual sales reach 450,000 barrels is making $900,000 a year.—*New York Sun.*

GROVER'S PREPARED SPEECHES.

They Were Put in Type at the Government Printing Office Before He Started.

Washington Special to Baltimore American.

President Cleveland's speeches in the West are causing much comment and talk here, and several men have boasted that, if they wished, they could deliver to-day the address Cleveland intends to make in Atlanta, or any of the Southern towns he proposes to visit. For two weeks before the President left this city he used an immense amount of writing paper. Together with his private secretary, he spent many hours of the night and day writing either at his desk in the White House or at Red Top. About four or five days before he left for the now famous trip, a large amount of manuscript came very secretly into the government printing office.

About the same time the manuscript came so secretly to the government printing office, Public Printer Benedict called forth his select force, and gave them each equal pieces of manuscript. The same oath was taken as at message time, and the proofs gathered up and the type locked up in the great safe as soon as set up. The printers—the select few—began to talk among themselves about this strange circumstance, and remarked that "the copy read very much like an historical lecture on certain sections of this country, especially West and South." They wondered thereat—thought it strange that such copy should come from the White House.

Finally, the proofs began to come back to be corrected, and in a number of instances there were so many corrections necessary that the entire speech had to be reset. It was then discovered that these mysterious manuscripts contained President Cleveland's speeches to be delivered on this Western-Southern tour. The plan had been carefully studied and a speech prepared for every city to be visited, and, in a number of cases, three or four speeches for the same city, to be delivered under certain circumstances, in response to visits to fairs, boards of trade or banquets.

"I know what I am talking about," said one of the printers, "for I set one of the speeches. It has not been delivered yet, but it will be before long. I will tell you the name of the city it is to be delivered in, but don't publish it, because it will give me away and cause my removal, for you know all of this work is done in secrecy." The question was asked to-day what right had Public Printer Benedict to thus employ the government printers on private work for the President, especially when the government printing office is running so close on its annual appropriation? Under what head is he to charge this?

A BOUNTY OF 29 PER CENT.

Old Rails From India and the Silver Question.

The British ship Loch Broom, Captain Crane, arrived in Philadelphia June 11, from Bombay, India, with 2,900 tons of old iron rails, a venture which has been rendered possible by the depreciation of silver, and with it of the silver rupee. Thus, while the purchasing power of the rupee is in India as great as ever, when measured in sterling exchange it is at a discount of 29 per cent. This discount then becomes a bounty of 29 per cent. on the export of wheat, rice, old rails and other commodities, to the detriment, either at home or abroad, of the American producer of such commodities. American producers of iron as a body have interested themselves but little during the past fourteen years in the burning question of the currency in any of its phases. Whenever they have taken any interest it has generally been on the wrong side. They have never supposed that they had the stake in the question of 50 cents per ton, or in the price of it, and yet the 2,900 tons of old, 29 per cent. bounty-fed rails displace the equal quantity of wrought iron of American manufacture in the American market. Many of these iron manufacturers have been saved from ruin in spite of themselves by despised greenbacks, "silver swindlers," and other "financial cranks." Suppose they now join the cranks who have dictated the monetary policy of the country during the past nine years. Let these manufacturers assist in demanding the unlimited coinage of silver, which would result in advancing the price from 44 pence per ounce to 62 pence per ounce, thus cutting off the bounty of 29 per cent. on exports from India, and rendering it impossible for it to be imported into the United States. If they do not, they will find that we are simply at the threshold of the India scrap from business.—*Henry Carey Baird in North American Review.*

DYING REBELS.

The Confederate Chiefs Fast Passing Away.

The constitution of the Confederate states was signed by 49 delegates, 37 of whom are dead. The president survives, but Vice President Stephens and four years ago of the five who held the portfolio of state in the cabinet all are dead; of five secretaries of war, all; of two secretaries of the treasury, one; of four attorneys general, two, and the one secretary of the navy; while the sole postmaster general, Mr. Reagan, is still very much alive, as he proved by taking the stump in opposition to the recent Texas prohibition amendment. Indeed of thirteen commissioners accredited to represent the Confederacy abroad, ten are dead. There were five men who bore rank as full generals in the army, of whom Johnston and Beauregard alone survive; 21 lieutenant generals, of whom eleven are dead; 100 major generals, of whom 52 are dead; and 480 brigadier generals, of whom considerably more than half are dead.

Safety from Malaria.

The most vigorous constitution and the strongest physique, are not proof against a disease, the germs of which impregnate the air we breathe and the water we drink. The true preparative, the surest defense, is to fortify the system with a medicine which possesses specific virtues as a safeguard and remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this article —proved by conclusive tests to be so. Not only on this continent, wherever miasma gives birth to the malarial infection, but in the tropics, where fever and ague assumes its most malignant type, this incomparable, popular and deserving medicine has, for over a third of a century shown its efficacy. Chills and fever, dumb ague, bilious remittent alike yield to its influence, and are prevented by it. The word "fail" has no place in the lexicon of possibilities when this peerless article is used. It tones the stomach, regulates the liver when sluggish, and promotes healthful activity of the kidneys and bladder.

Col. McCaull no Masher.

Col. John A. McCaull is very fond of children, and he seldom passes a little toddler playing about the street without giving him enough to buy a stick of candy. While he was standing in front of the Gilsey House the other day, a little girl of six or seven years came strolling along and he offered her a nickel, telling her to go buy some taffy. "No, sir," said the little maid, putting her hands behind her back, "my mamma won't let me take money from people I don't know. Besides, I don't like taffy. I know what you want, though. You want to kidnap me. But you can't do it. I know the policemen on this beat, and he won't let you." And the little one walked away with a dignity that the colonel forbore disturbing by a laugh.—*New York Sun.*

A Fortunate Engagement.

"That George Sampson, I suppose, is one of the luckiest dogs alive," remarked young Featherly, enviously.

"In what way?"

"In being engaged to Miss Smith."

"How is he lucky in that? She is not pretty, and is certainly not young."

"Yes, but she clerks in a confectionery shop. I heard George say that even the smell of ice cream almost makes her sick."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Charlotte Randow's Testimony.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1887.

Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—Having been annoyed with pimples, eruptions and blotches on the face, from a bad condition of my blood, for more than a year, I used a leading preparation of sarsaparilla and other advertised remedies for the same, from good and competent physician, and from his treatment received no benefit. I then concluded to try the S. S. S. remedy for the blood, and, after using a few bottles, a thorough eradication of my trouble and restoration to smoothness to my skin, have made me happy, as I cheerfully give you this testimonial for such use and publicity as you wish to make of it.

CHARLOTTE RANDOW,
132 Bowery, near Canal Street.

Hugo Hasskerl's Testimony.

Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

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HUGO HASSKERL,
Member of Thalia Theatre Company.

New York, May 3, 1887.

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THE SALOON AS A LEECH.

The leech is only valuable in medical practice because of his peculiar excellence as a blood-sucker. When any part of the body is suffering from engorgement, and a leech is applied, the disgusting little animal fastens himself firmly to the flesh and sucks until he is filled with blood. There is a striking similarity between the leech and the saloon. Both are unexcelled blood-suckers. The one depletes the circulation in the body, the other the monetary circulation. The only particular difference is, that the leech drops off when he is filled with blood, but the saloon does not. Let it get its clutches upon a man, and it never lets go its hold until the man is dead or is beggared.

As the leech depletes the circulation of the patient, so does the saloon deplete the amount of money in circulation in a community. It is not only a moral curse to the city, or town, or hamlet in which it established, but it is a business curse. It decreases the total amount of money in circulation, reduces the business done by every establishment engaged in legitimate trade, and draws the money from that locality, making the total amount in circulation therein much less. Look at it a moment. What part of the money which is paid in over the bar goes out again into circulation in the town? Just enough to support the saloonist and his family. The remainder, less the saloonist's net profit, goes to the distillers and brewers. Beyond the small proportion of the total income which goes for his support, not a dollar of it goes into general circulation in the town, to build up trade, to employ labor, or in any other way to add to the wealth and prosperity of the community.

The money is paid over the bar and no equivalent is rendered. The Rum ruins health, destroys talent, fosters idleness and vice, and there is no tangible good resulting from it. The man who spends the money would be better off if he got absolutely nothing in return for his cash, than the infernal swill which he pours down his throat to imbrute him. Suppose that the whole of this money were spent in the erection of new homes each year. The major part of it would still be circulating from hand to hand; for it would be paid out for brick and stone, for lumber, for carpenters, masons, plasterers, roofers, painters, glaziers, paper-hangers, etc.; it would be kept in the town, kept circulating, and at the same time the valuation of real estate would be enhanced by thousands of dollars' worth of betterments. The money would have gone back into the hands of the laboring men of the place. Contrast this with the money when it is paid over the counter of the saloon. It has added nothing to the wealth, comfort or well-being of the unfortunate men who spent it, but the contrary; it has added no new value to the town; it has not increased the improvements to the city, nor has it gone back into the local channels of trade, beyond the sum required for the support of those who sell the liquors. The greater portion has gone to swell the purse of the Rum Power, and the only thing it has done for the community is to increase the amount of poverty, woe, wretchedness and vice.

It is plain to any one who gives a moment's thought to the matter that the saloons are veritable money-leeches. They suck the money of the laboring men to whom they give no equivalent, take it out of the business of the community and send it away to the distillers, leaving the town or city the poorer by that amount—both in the ready money and in the real values which that money represents. This is not the case with the men engaged in legitimate business. For every dollar the latter receive they give an equivalent in goods, or something else as tangible. The men who have paid this money hold in their hands property equal in value to the amount of money which they have paid out. The business put the money they have received into circulation again for the employment of more labor and the production of more goods to take the place of those sold.

Is it not plain that the saloon is really a potent factor in what are known as "hard times?" A leech which is never filled, which is always sucking in money out of the pockets of the masses, must not its effect be finally to aid in the scarcity of money and the derangement of the financial balance? It certainly should be clear to every one that this is the effect.

There are men who have so little power of thought as to believe in a sort of helpless, childish way, that the saloon "aids business." They suppose, apparently, because money passes in the transaction, that it must necessarily be "business." There is not the first element of real business about it. Trade, or commerce, presupposes the exchange of one commodity for another. Generally one of these is money. In every legitimate transaction, both buyer and seller have practically equivalent values in their hands after its completion. The first one had a sum of money, the second one had an equivalent amount of goods. They exchange, and the second one has the money, the first one has the goods.

But in the case of the saloon, how is it? The workingman pays over his money; what has he to represent that money as he staggers home to his miserable family? Nothing, and worse than nothing. He has not only lost his money, but he has degraded his manhood, injured his health, lost his self-respect and the respect and confidence of all decent men. The exchange is abominably one-sided. It is entirely to the advantage of the saloonist. He has the money, and the drinker has lost not only it, but all that makes life worth living along with it.

There is no "business" about the saloon. It is the establishment which fosters idleness and debauchery, which increases the poverty and degradation of humanity; it is the training school of vice, the kindergarten of crime. It is an evil tree, and its fruits are evil. It is astonishing that any sane man can allow himself, even by implication, to do aught that will aid in continuing its existence or in fostering its growth. Let every honest reader ponder the problem. Let him measure the saloon by its fruits, and he will speedily agree with the BLADE that the thing to do is to wipe out the saloons, prohibit the manufacture and sale of Rum, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Canadian government announces its intention to "fight to the bitter end" its contention that Behring Sea is an open sea, and that Canadian sealers have equal rights outside the three-mile limit with vessels of the Alaska Fur company. If we had an administration with a decent supply of backbone, the Canucks would promptly be made to recede from this position.

THE TARIFF FIGHT.

When the Democrats came into possession of the executive branch of the government in 1885, they were fearful of making some terrible blunder, in their inexperience, that would make them the laughing-stock or cursing-block of the country. For a quarter of a century their policy had been merely a negative one. Whatever the Republican party did was to be opposed, whatever the Republicans affirmed was to be denied. The role of a destructive is easy to play. So, when they came into control, and had thrust upon them the duty of marking out a line of governmental policy, they had not the courage to take a bold and decided stand. So Republican precedents were followed whenever this could be done, and where there was no precedent they did nothing.

But now they have mustered up a little courage. They are getting slowly accustomed to the possession of power, and beginning to feel a little confidence in themselves. One feature of Democratic policy has been marked out to be followed in Congress the coming winter; and that is, to break down the protective feature of the tariff. That is what the plan of tariff reduction recently elaborated at Washington really means. The reductions and free-listing comprehended in the administration scheme will cut down the duties annually collected about $70,000,000. Then followed the New York Democratic convention, whose platform calls for a reduction of $100,000,000 annually. And in both cases the internal revenue taxes are to be left alone, and the tariff alone be reduced.

So great a reduction can only be accomplished by breaking down the protective feature of the tariff. True to its past history, the Democratic party is preparing to strike a vital blow at the national prosperity, in slavish obedience to the moonshine theorists who seem to dictate its political gospel. There is a strong free trade sentiment among the importers and dealers in foreign goods, in New York city especially, and New York is the battle-ground of the national contest next year. Here you have the real source of the attempt which is to be made to kill protection in Congress. The lowering of the duties and the crippling of American industries will enormously increase imports from abroad, and the importers and dealers will grow rich rapidly. Their business interests make them free traders, and the Democratic administration is catering to them in order to insure their support in its canvass for a second term next year.

JAMES G. BLAINE foresaw the coming struggle for the life of the protective system in his speech last year in Pittsburg. Said he, on that occasion:

> The main question, therefore, is whether you will exclude from the tariff the protective idea or whether you will reduce the duties upon articles from the duties on which you gain no protection, and thus so wisely discriminate that, with a new tariff adapted to $100,000,000 less revenue, you will still gain all the protection needed.
>
> Never, therefore, was there a time when the men who believe in protection to American industry were more imperatively called upon to gird about their loins for a great battle on that question. It is impending within two years, and will be settled favorably or adversely in that time.

I cannot now go into details on the tariff as to the manner in which it should be regulated, but I am by this kind unless it is so adjusted as to continue the doctrine of protection, you, gentlemen, will see hard times in this country.

Are the wage-workers of the country prepared to support a party which has now declared itself for a policy which will necessarily cut down the wages of every man who works for hire or for a salary? Are they willing that their means shall be restricted that Eastern importers and wholesalers may grow rich? Are the masses to be impoverished that a few thousand men shall revel in gold galore? Are they ready to accept the pauper wages of European workingmen, without there being any compensation in the change? The state elections this year are but the preliminary skirmish. Next year the congressional and presidential battle will be fought upon this issue. Make ready for the contest!

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Will our subscribers please be more careful, when sending subscriptions to the BLADE, to give the name, the postoffice, the county, and the state? We receive letters containing money, without the name, or without the postoffice, or without the state. We cannot send the paper unless we know to *whom* to send it, and *where* to send it.

Then, please be careful about renewals. We receive many letters similar to this: "Inclosed find $1. Renew my subscription. JOHN SMITH." Now, Mr. SMITH's name may be "J. SMITH" or "J. H. SMITH" on our mail list. Sign your name, in sending a renewal, exactly as it appears on the printed tab on your paper—unless that contains an error, in which case state the fact.

Again—In *every* case, in sending a subscription, whether renewal or not, be careful that you give the name, the postoffice, the county and state.

THE New York *World* points out that the third-party Prohibition vote has, since 1882, given the state of New York to the Democrats, and adduces the following figures as proof:

Year	Dem. over Rep.	Pro. Vote.
1882	16,216	18,816
1885	1,047	25,000
1885	11,134	30,867
1886	7,797	36,437

The likelihood seems to be, that the Labor movement will make a change in the situation and take the Democracy down to defeat in the same manner.

SENATOR FARWELL'S ideas as to the plan of the Republican Presidential campaign are remarkably clear, and deserve the widest circulation. They receive the emphatic endorsement of all Republicans who are anxious for the success of their party next year. He believes that too much stress can not be laid on the necessity of having the National convention made up of men who are free from pledges to particular candidates. Personal predilections, in his opinion, should have nothing to do with the selection of a candidate. The one great object to which every Republican should bend his energies is the choice of the ablest and best candidate who is strongest in the state which it is all important to carry—New York. The best way to bring about such a result is for each state to choose delegates who are under pledges to nobody, and who may be depended upon to look at the whole subject only from the standpoint of the party welfare. He believes the Republican party is greater than any one man, and every member of it should use his influence, so as to prevent it from becoming a one man party, no matter who that man may be.

SENATOR EVARTS, in his speech before the Republican club of New York on Saturday night, at the meeting to ratify the nomination of Col. GRANT, said some things that will make our Democratic **brethren** put on their thinking caps. For instance:

> We have a new Congress. The Democrats have a majority of twelve in the lower branch, but what does that weak majority count as against the united, intelligent, trained, minority of Republicans? We are the strongest party in the country to-day. We have reversed Virginia. We are stronger in our votes and in our principles. The Democrats did not elect the last President. It was the Republicans.

A SPECIAL to the New York *Star* from Washington says that General SLOCUM was the personal favorite of a majority of the delegates to the national encampment of the Grand Army, but before the election occurred a report was circulated that Generals ROSECRANS and BLACK, as representatives of the President, had made personal appeals to certain delegates to support General SLOCUM, which brought about his defeat.

CLEVELAND AS A PLAGIARIST.

MR. CLEVELAND carefully mapped out beforehand the course of his travels into the vast and, to him, unknown region west of Pittsburg to be embraced in his political tour. The points at which stops were to be made were clearly indicated, and the announcement is invariably made to enthusiastic Democrats, living away from the favored points, and who ask for a slight variation from the programme, that there can not be the slightest change made. The New York *Sun*, Democratic, has discovered a reason for this. Mr. DANA, the editor of the *Sun*, was one of the compilers of the "New American Cyclopedia," and he at once noticed that CLEVELAND'S set speeches at the points where the Presidential caravan made its pre-arranged stops were bold plagiarisms from the Cyclopedia. In each case, Mr. CLEVELAND has reinforced his dull and barren intellect by statistical and historical information from its pages, which he has recited in schoolboy style in place of making an original speech.

Of course it is a well-known fact that Mr. CLEVELAND is ignorant of the West. He has not that stock of general information on matters and things historical, geographical and biographical, possessed by the average well-read American. Hence it became necessary for him to "cram," as the college term has it, and he took refuge in the sixteen bulky volumes of the Cyclopedia. The fact that he did not take the pains to assimilate the information therein obtained and clothe it in language of his own, is testimony to the lethargy of his nature and his indisposition to mental effort.

Unless Mr. CLEVELAND, forewarned of what is in store for him, takes the trouble to do a little independent thinking on his own account, the people of Madison, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Atlanta, and other cities on the line of the circus procession will be enabled to ascertain with certainty the subject matter of his advisers in their localities by referring to the pages of the Cyclopedia, and the newspaper men can take time by the forelock and have his speech in type, ready to get out an extra as soon as he arrives.

The *Sun*, in an editorial article, thus points out the source of CLEVELAND'S inspiration:

> Respect for the office of the Chief Magistrate deters us from subjecting Mr. Cleveland to the indignity of the parallel column; nevertheless, literary conscientiousness requires that the source of his eloquence should be plainly indicated. We print below one continuous passage from the Indianapolis speech, broken at intervals by the fragments of another continuous passage from the article on Indianapolis in a certain well known repository of general information:
>
> "Indianapolis was first settled in 1819."
>
> "Indianapolis was first settled by John Pogue in March, 1819."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "One year thereafter its population numbered fifteen families."
>
> "In about a year from that time it numbered fifteen families."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "Chosen as the seat of the State Government in 1821."
>
> "It was chosen as the seat of the State Government in January, 1821."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "It was about that time laid out as a town and given its present name."
>
> "At this same time the Legislature gave it its present name and appointed commissioners to lay it off as a town."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "It had no incorporation until 1836."
>
> "It was incorporated in 1836."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "And did not receive a city charter till 1847."
>
> "And received a city charter in 1847."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "This passage," says the *Sun*, "is lifted bodily from the American Cyclopedia." It goes on to declare that the slight changes in language, are such as in ordinary cases of plagiarism "serve to establish the intent of the literary pilferer." Then the exposition is proceeded with:
>
> In the case of Terre Haute, the use made of the Cyclopedia's language was less direct; yet the most casual comparison of the description of Terre Haute in the Cyclopedia with the President's speech proves that the latter had its inspiration and origin in careful study of that standard authority:
>
> "I am told that Terre Haute is one of the most beautiful cities of which Indiana can boast."
>
> "It is well built and has broad streets ornamented with shade trees."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "The name of you city indicates its beautiful and commanding location."
>
> "It is situated on an elevated plateau."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "The rich and fertile country all about it."
>
> "It is the center of trade for a rich and populous region."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "Its excellent means of transportation and communication."
>
> "The city is an important railroad center. . . . It is connected with Lake Erie by the Wabash and Erie Canal. . . . The Wabash river is navigable."—The American Cyclopedia.
>
> "And its extensive manufactories and industries already in operation."
>
> "There are numerous large factories. . . . Pork packing is extensively carried on."—The American Cyclopedia.

The New York *World*, while apparently endeavoring to defend CLEVELAND, deals him an unkind blow by remarking:

> The criticism is strained. What is a cyclopedia for except to furnish information to that people have not store room for it in their heads?

This will instantly be interpreted by a very large proportion of the American people as an allusion to the small size of the President's skull, and consequently of the brain which it incloses, as compared with his physical bulk. It has been said of him, with how much truth we know not, that he habitually removes his shirt without unbuttoning the neck-band—a feat that is impossible with a man the size of whose neck does not hold an abnormal relation to the size of the head. The *World* is cruel.

After all, it is our view that the *Sun* is ungrateful. The compliment to the Cyclopedia, and therefore to Mr. DANA as one of its editors, and hence to the *Sun*, is a high and spontaneous one. Mr. DANA should feel deeply grateful for it, instead of making it the occasion for mockery of the ignorance of our Chief Magistrate.

PHIL SHERIDAN has a happy faculty of saying things that will live in men's memories. His remark at Philadelphia that "those who may live to the next centennial will find that arbitration rules the world," The fact is that warfare is rapidly becoming so expensive and so destructive that it will be found impossible to carry it on.

THE Republicans expect to elect their legislative ticket this year in Richmond, Va. At the last election, the combination of the Republican and Labor parties carried the city, and it is asserted that 3,000 Labor Democrats are pledged to vote the Republican ticket in November. The Old Dominion will yet get out of the Bourbon rut.

THE Morman territorial convention of Utah, in session at Salt Lake City, has framed a constitution and a memorial to Congress asking that the territory be admitted into the Union as a state. The convention is composed of Mormons. Now what will the Democrats in Congress do about it?

THE Bulgarian elections have resulted in the election of a majority of the Sobranje in favor of Prince FERDINAND and the existing status. Hence we may expect to see fresh complications arising in the near future over the adhesion of the people to a ruler who is obnoxious to Russia.

THE Treasury department has made a statement showing that, by the purchase of bonds since August 3, the government has saved $4,458,613, which would have been paid out if the bonds had been allowed to run to maturity.

SENATOR ALLISON has gone to New York, and will stump the state for FRED GRANT and the Republican ticket. The people of the Empire state need to hear more of the unadulterated Republican doctrine held in the wide, free West.

ONE of the three cars of the President's special train is named the P. P. C. Quite fitting that, as GROVER is making his farewell calls on the people as President. For us of the wild and wooly West it is hail and farewell.

LAND GRANTS TO RAILROADS.

Some of our subscribers are writing to us to know which party is responsible for the policy of granting lands to railroads, which the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio has attempted to make an issue in the present campaign in this state. It was begun by the Democratic party. The first grant was made to the state of Illinois for the benefit of the Illinois Central, and was continued by that party up to the time that the Republican party came into control of the government. The following table embraces the grants made for the benefit of railways by the Democratic party between 1850 and 1861, when the Republican party came into power:

Date of Act.	Railroad.	Acres.
	ILLINOIS.	
Sept. 20, 1850,	Illinois Central	2,595,053
	MISSISSIPPI.	
Sept. 20, 1850,	Mobile & Ohio	1,004,640
	ALABAMA.	
Sept. 20, 1850,	Mobile & Ohio	230,400
May 17, 1856,	Alabama & Florida	419,520
June 3, "	Selma, Rome & Dalton	481,920
" " "	Coosa & Tennessee	132,480
" " "	Mobile & Girard	840,880
" " "	Alabama & Chattanooga	897,920
" " "	S. & N. Alabama	576,000
	MISSISSIPPI.	
Aug. 11, 1856,	Vicksburg & Meridian	404,800
	FLORIDA.	
May 17, 1856,	Four roads	2,360,112
	LOUISIANA.	
June 3, 1856,	A. L. & Texas	610,885
June 3, 1856,	N. O. & Gt. W.	967,840
	ARKANSAS.	
Feb. 9, 1853,	St. L. & Iron Mt.	2,200,667
Feb. 9, 1853,	Mem. & Little Rock	804,175
	MISSOURI.	
June 10, 1852,	Han. & St. Jo	781,944
June 10, 1852,	Pacific & So. W.	2,161,235
	IOWA.	
Feb. 9, 1853,	St. L. & Iron Mt.	219,262
May 15, 1856,	Burling & Mo.	948,643
" " "	C., R. I. & P.	1,261,181
" " "	Cedar Rapids	1,298,739
" " "	Iowa Falls	1,226,163
Aug. 8, "	DesMoines Valley	969,001
May 15, "	Dubuque & Sioux City	550,468
	MICHIGAN.	
June 3, 1856,	Four roads	3,133,378
	WISCONSIN.	
June 3, 1856,	C., St. P. & M.	999,983
" " "	St. Croix & L. S.	524,714
" " "	C. & N. W.	600,000
	MINNESOTA.	
Mar. 3, 1857,	St. P. & Pa.	1,248,638
" " "	West Ry.	1,475,000

Many of the roads are now known under different names, owing to changes and consolidations, and some of the grants have been increased while others have been reduced. The record effectually disposes of the foolish charge that the Republican party is responsible for the policy of land grants.

The fact is, that by far the largest number of grants have been in all ways meritorious, and the policy was recognized as proper and commendable by both parties. The Democratic members of Congress voted for the grants to the Pacific railways and others, and that party's platforms advocated liberal grants to these roads, to be constructed through the vast unsettled regions of the West. The policy was a sound one, and aided enormously in the rapid settlement of the country. One of the latest grants made was that to the Texas Pacific road, the bill for which was passed March 3, 1871. The vote in the House of Representatives stood 125 yeas to 64 nays. Of the latter, 37 were Republicans and 17 Democrats. In the Senate, the vote was yeas 40, nays 13—every Democratic Senator voting for it.

The fact which needs to be understood clearly in connection with these grants is this: Every grant was conditional upon the completion of the road within a certain number of years. When the road failed to do this, its title to the portion of the grants on the part of the line which was not completed, lapsed. All that is then required is that the government shall formally resume possession of the forfeited lands. Before the year, 1882, the Republican administration had thus resumed possession, or "recovered," as our Democratic friends prefer to say, nearly 1,000,000 acres which had conditionally been granted to railway corporations, which bodies had failed to build or complete the lines in whose aid the grants were made. The present administration is simply doing the same thing. There is nothing to boast of in it. The officials would not be doing their duty if they did not. There is no reason for finding fault with the land grant policy. It was the best thing to be done at that time. It has served its purpose, and we do not need that incentive to railway building now. Then there was no money to be made by a railway built through an unsettled country, until it was filled with farmers; and the railroads took the farmers there.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

MR. CLEVELAND is the first man in the United States to attempt the novel electioneering plan of running for the Presidency on his wife's popularity. MRS. CLEVELAND is a big, healthy, pleasant-faced young woman, hardly more than a school girl in age, and apparently devoted to her husband. The American people have a sincere admiration for her, and she receives nothing but expressions of good will from the masses and the press—at least from the Republican press. But because MR. CLEVELAND has a pretty wife, who kisses him publicly on board steamboats (as she did on the river trip to St. Louis the other day), and in various other ways shows that she is not over the glamor and foolish fondness common to most mortals in the early days of wedded life, is no good reason why he should be re-elected to the Presidency. Mr. CLEVELAND'S apparent plan of campaign is similar to a trotting match against time, where the trotter has a running mate. The running horse can easily beat the trotter, but her time don't count in the official score. She is expected to relieve the trotter of the weight of the wagon to which they both are hitched, in order to enable him to get over the ground in the required time.

DISCUSSING the opinions of a contemporary on the Presidential question, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* says:

> We do not know what are the data upon which it founds its opinion of Republican sentiment. Its conclusions are quite different from what are warranted by our own contact with members of that party. We meet a great many who are warm friends of Mr. Blaine and who would like to see him President, but comparatively few who feel confident that his nomination next year would be the wisest choice the party could make. There are a great many admirers of Mr. Blaine whose present attitude on the subject is expressed in the following extracts from the Toledo BLADE, a paper that has been among his stanchest supporters:
>
> "The whole question as regards Mr. Blaine's candidacy as the BLADE sees it, resolves itself into the question: Can he be elected? Or, to put the same proposition in different form, is he *stronger* now than he was in 1884? We believe he would make a good President and a safe one. We will support him, if nominated, as heartily as we did in 1884. But we cannot see that he is any stronger with the people than he was then. And we know that there are thousands of Republicans who supported him then under protest and who declare they will not do so again. There are thousands, too, who think that Blaine has had his chance, and lost it, and that he should give way to others. Hence we cannot see that he is any stronger than he was in 1884; and as he lost the election then, to nominate him seems to us like taking a risk of defeat that is needless."

WITH all the kicking in Indiana among the Bourbon spoilsmen for office, one would suppose that the federal positions in that state were still in Republican hands. The cold fact is that there is but one Republican holding a federal office in Indiana, viz: the postmaster at Goshen.

FALSIFYING HISTORY.

There is an effort making by common consent among the more unscrupulous Democratic sheets of the country to relieve the Democratic party of the North during the war of the load of odium it justly bore for its traitorous principles. This is seen in the desperate effort that is making to falsify history as to the politics of the soldiers of the Union armies. A recent effort in this line has been the publication of an article attempting to show that 1,456,807 of the Union soldiers were Democrats and 1,222,060 were Republicans. These fictitious figures are tabulated thus:

	Dem.	Rep.
Michigan	46,803	46,561
Ohio	245,649	203,201
Illinois	135,091	124,001
Indiana	260,398	95,165
New York	245,649	203,201
Pennsylvania	107,998	109,838
Wisconsin	42 935	48.392
Minnesota	10,187	13,833
Iowa	33,495	42,747
Kansas	4,641	15,508

The following extraordinary lie accompanies this table:

> It was the duty of the governors of the aforesaid states to keep a record of all soldiers furnished by the several states, viz: their names, ages, politics, religion, residence and nativity, which record shows the following facts, [here is appended the above fictitious statistics of soldiers' politics, figures by states, etc.

This is a falsehood, manufactured out of whole cloth. The muster-rolls for Union volunteers were gotten up at Washington—one copy going to the national capital and the other going to the state capital. The headings were the same on all the rolls. No soldier of the Union was ever required to give his politics or his religion to any mustering officer in 1861-65. Neither are they now. Of course the figures are entirely fictitious. The BLADE showed, some time ago, that the only way in which the politics of the soldiers of the Union army could be ascertained was by their votes in the field. Several states passed laws allowing their soldiers in service to vote, and we gave the official figures for these, showing that 80 per cent. voted for the Republican candidates and only about 20 per cent. for the Democratic.

Another plea that is set forth by the lying portion of the Democratic press is, that the Democrats must have been as largely represented in the army as the Republicans, because the Republican majorities in strong Republican states were kept up during the war—which alleged state of things, they maintain, must show that as many Republicans staid at home as Democrats. The assertion itself is false. Take a comparison in the state elections in 1859 and in 1862, before the Democratic party had gone to the length of becoming distinctly treasonable in the North, thus driving all loyal men into the Republican party, as was the case in 1864. Here is a table which we clip from the Cleveland *Leader*, in which this comparison is made:

	1859.		1862.		Not Dem. Gain.
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	
New York	1,450	.....	10,752	.....	9,302
Penns'a	17,290	.....	.....	3,524	20,814
N. Jersey	1,601	.....	.....	14,597	16,198
Ohio	13,226	.....	.....	5,577	18,803
Michigan	12,235	.....	6,614	.....	5,621
Illinois	*3,821	.....	.....	16,546	20,367
Indiana	.....	2,581	.....	9,543	6,162
Minnesota	3,752	.....	2,072	.....	670
					97,927

*No general election in Illinois in 1859; figures of 1858 given.

These comparisons show that in eight principal states of the North the Democratic strength in 1862, as represented by increased Democratic majorities and decreased Republican majorities, was 97,927 votes greater than in 1859. It also shows that the Republican majorities of 1859 in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Minnesota were changed to Democratic majorities in 1862; that the Republican majority in Michigan was cut down one-half, and that the Democratic majorities in New York and Indiana were largely increased. It does not look much as if the Republicans of these states stayed at home. The effort will necessarily fail to falsify history, in order to relieve Democracy of the stigma of being a debased and unpatriotic organization, still groveling at the feet of its Southern masters in the years of the struggle to save the Union, as it had done for years before, and as it still does.

A FORGERY.

A few weeks ago a Democratic paper in Pennsylvania published an editorial purporting to be copied from the BLADE, virulently attacking Mr. BLAINE, and rehashing the old campaign lies of 1884 against him. A friend sent us a copy of the paper, and we addressed a letter to the editor, asking his authority for crediting the article to the BLADE. In the next issue of his paper he promptly made amende as follows:

> The editor of the Toledo BLADE writes us protesting against the paternity of an article published in this paper on September 14, under the head of "Blaine gets a Republican notice," and credited to the BLADE. We copied the article as we found it in one of our exchanges, but which one we do not recollect. In his letter to us the editor of the BLADE says:
>
> The extract was never published in our editorial columns, nor elsewhere in the BLADE. It does not represent our sentiments in any respect. We never saw it before receiving your paper and emphatically decline it to be a falsehood, so far as its authorship or endorsement is attributed to us.
>
> In justice to the BLADE we give the above extract from the letter of its editor. We do not receive the BLADE in exchange at this office.

If any of our readers can give us information as to what paper is responsible for the scurrilous article, we shall be greatly obliged. We haven't the slightest objection to having the BLADE quoted, but we do not wish to stand sponsor for campaign lies.

IF the Cincinnati *Enquirer* is really enthusiastic to see CLEVELAND succeed himself, it allows its special reporters to take queer ways of showing it. One of these gentlemen, who is following the Presidential caravan around the circle, in a recent letter, moralizes thus upon the President and his running mate:

> Come to think of it, what odd and startling phases our rapid and glorious American life presents. Half a dozen years ago Cleveland was an obscure Buffalo lawyer, hardly earning $5,000 a year, and glad to ride on a street car, and his wife was a girl in short clothes, *unknown, freckle-faced and obscure.*

Such an utterance in a Republican newspaper would have been greeted with a howl from the CLEVELAND Democratic press; but here is the leading organ of Ohio Democracy complacently giving a letter filled with similar expressions a prominent place in its columns.

HISTORY will repeat itself, thinks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and the BLADE shares the opinion of its able contemporary, expressed in the following paragraph:

> John Adams left the Presidential office in 1801. His son, John Quincy Adams, was inaugurated in 1825—24 years later. Abraham Lincoln left the Presidential office in 1865. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, will be inaugurated in 1889—24 years later. These figures constitute something in the nature of an historical coincidence.

THERE is no one who will not agree that it is unjust that farmers should pay three times as much taxation in one section of the state as they do in others, the lands being equally productive and valuable. It is this sort of inequality that Gov. FORAKER wished to have corrected in connection with other matters in his special message on taxation.

DR. MCGLYNN says the anti-poverty club don't want land out in the Far West, but they want it in New York city. A farm in the West is too far from a beer-saloon, possibly.

HOME TRUTH from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

> The Solid South tenders a great ovation to Mr. Cleveland. The Solid North will tender him a great eviction a little more than a year from now.

A STRAW: The vote for President at the United Labor fair in New York city stood as follows: BLAINE, 545; HILL, 140; GEORGE, 160; POWDERLY, 25; CLEVELAND, 20.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

X.—The Tariff and the Farmer.

The tariff on agricultural products embraces the following duties: Wheat, 20 cents per bushel; Indiana corn and oats, 10 cents; rye and barley, 15 cents; rice, cleaned, 2½ cents per pound; butter and cheese, 4 cents per pound; potatoes, 15 cents per bushel; poultry, 10 per cent of its value; peas and beans, 10 to 20 per cent of their value; tobacco, unmanufactured, 35 cents per pound; unstemmed, 50 cents per pound (and also the internal revenue duty); sugar, from 2 to 5 cents per pound, according to quality; on horses, cows, bulls, oxen, steers, calves, sheep, lambs, goats, hogs and pigs, 20 per cent of their value, except when they are imported for breeding purposes, to improve stock, when they are admitted free, for the benefit of the farmers; beef and pork, 1 cent per pound; mutton, 10 per cent of its value; wool from 10 to 12 cents per pound, and from 10 to 12 per cent of its value; hay, 20 per cent.

These duties tend to keep out foreign competitors, and thus leave our home market almost exclusively in the hands of the farmers of the United States.

XI.—Advantages of the Home Market.

A farmer's money comes from the sale of the surplus of his crops. To sell that surplus, he must have a market. The more certain, regular and steady the demand in that market, the more certain and steady is his income. He has, of course, to take his products to that market to sell it, or pay for taking it. The nearer his market is to his farm, the less it costs him to reach it, and the more clear money he makes. The home market is nearer than a foreign one, hence it is less expensive, more certain and reliable, and his profits are greater. Therefore, it is wise for the farmer to stimulate the home market, and wise for him to adhere to a policy which builds it up.

The United States exports only about one-tenth of all the wheat and other grains, potatoes and hay which the farmers produce. The other nine-tenths is consumed at home. We do not mean that the farmers themselves use the remainder. It is used in feeding the fifty-five or sixty millions of people engaged in the myriad occupations followed in the United States.

XII.—How the Tariff Has Increased the Home Market.

One of the most marked effects of the past 26 years of a protective policy has been the enormous extension of manufactures in the United States. There are plenty of the older men of to-day who can recall the time when the present flourishing towns and cities of Ohio and the earlier settled West were mere hamlets, clustered about the postoffice, a store, a grocery or two, a tavern, a blacksmith and wagon-mending shop, and that was all. The county seats were of this type, the Courthouse adding distinction to the primitive town. There was perhaps a flouring mill or a saw-mill; sometimes a carding-machine for the convenience of the neighboring farmers; once in a while a small foundry.

Look at those towns now, after 26 years of industrial protection! They are busy hives of human effort. Mills, manufactories and shops have gone into operation. The people employed in these have largely increased the population of these towns and cities. They have not only added themselves and their wives and families to the population, but they have caused the influx of large numbers of other people, to whom they indirectly give support.

The employes of the industrial establishments needed houses to live in. This gave employment to carpenters, planing-mills, masons, brick-makers, stone-cutters, plasterers, painters, etc.; it increased the demand for hardware and all building materials. They must have food and clothing, and this demand has increased the business of the dry goods merchants, the clothing men, the boot and shoe dealers, the grocerymen, the butchers, and caused the opening of new establishments to supply the increased demand. The influx of population has brought to the town doctors and lawyers, teachers, and the large number of men who make a living out of the multitudinous wants of a dense population, and laborers of all descriptions. The hamlets of thirty years ago are thriving cities to-day. And this has been going on all over the country, to a greater or less degree, the older-settled portions of course having had more of this growth than the newer sections. And all this vast growth has been because of the impetus given to the industries of the country by the protective tariff.

The people thus drawn into industrial pursuits in every town and village and city, must eat. And the farmers must furnish the food. Those living near these growing centers of industry find that they can make more money by raising fruits and vegetables and live stock to supply the daily wants of the people residing therein than by raising only wheat, corn and other field crops. Potatoes, beets, carrots, sweet potatoes, turnips, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, asparagus, pumpkins, squashes and melons; apples, peaches, pears, cherries, blackberries, currants, and the long list of berries and small fruits; hogs and cattle for butchers' use; milk and butter and cheese; chickens, turkeys and eggs—all this great variety of food products finds a cash market in the towns and cities. There is more money in raising them than there is in what may be termed "regular farming." And the greater the population of the place, the more food, both vegetable and animal, can find a market in the town, and the more farmers can do a profitable business in supplying these wants.

Every city of any size is encircled by a belt of market farmers, who raise the products enumerated above, and find a good market for them—a home market. It is estimated that an addition of 10,000 in population to a city the size of Toledo, for instance—which has over 85,000 inhabitants—drives the cultivation of "regular" farm crops one mile farther away; that is an additional belt a mile wide, encircling the entire city, is required to feed the ten thousand mouths which have been added to the population.

Were the manufacturers of America in the condition they were previous to the enactment of the tariff of 1861—and, under a low tariff regime, they would to-day be in that condition—our manufacturing cities would to-day be rural villages, and our population be much less than it is. Our farmers would have no market for the products enumerated above, but would be obliged to confine their labors to the raising of field crops.

Of course it is to be remembered that the industrial population referred to above consumes its quota of the breadstuffs produced in the country, and also of the corn, grass, fodder, hay, etc., when it is converted into meat by being fed to animals which the farmers are getting in condition to be sold to the butchers.

XIII.—The Growth of Our Agriculture.

According to the census of 1880, the total value of the crops of wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, potatoes and hay produced that year was $2,458,491,755—or, in round numbers, nearly $2,500,000,000. This does not include the value of live stock, the wool, cotton, flax, rice, sugar-cane, etc., produced. During that year the total value of our manufactures was, in round numbers, $5,560,000,000.

Every one knows how enormously our farming area has grown since the close of the war. Millions upon millions of new land has been brought into the productive area, and the output of wheat, corn and other crops has increased immensely. The vast northwestern wheat area, the finest wheat-growing country in the world, has been opened up in that time. Yet, with such a tremendous growth of our agricultural interests, such a mighty increase in our grain products, the growth of our diversified industries has moved in almost parallel lines. The consumers for farm products has increased so enormously that we use ourselves nine tenths of it, leaving only one-tenth to be sold abroad. If the protective system is followed in this country, the time is not far distant when we will consume

THEIR CANDIDATES

FOR THE NOMINATION NEXT YEAR.

The Blade's Readers Express Briefly Their Preferences for the Republican Nomination, and Their Reasons Therefor.

We give below another batch of letters from our readers on the Presidential question. One or two papers have expressed surprise at the preponderance of sentiment for LINCOLN, and have intimated that we must have suppressed letters referring to other candidates. This is false. We have, so far, given every man a show, and are publishing the letters in strict rotation.

LEXINGTON, S. C.—Mr. Lincoln fills the bill exactly, as the Republican Presidential candidate for 1888. With him, it is likely to win, but scarcely so with any other—possibly not with either of those who are now most prominent as candidates. His record is above reproach; the prestige of his name unequaled by that of any other citizen. The son of honest Abraham Lincoln, the Nation's Martyr to Union and Liberty, robbed of *one* Presidential term and life itself at the same instant by the hand of a political assassin, bespeak for him a sympathy and love which will unite a larger number of votes in his support than can be united in behalf of any other candidate. There will be no such jealousy on the part of the great leaders, in the party, as will give any one of them the sulks and cause them to either *idly* await his defeat, or to secretly work to secure it. The mugwumps will find no excuse for opposition—no record like that of Blaine, at which to pick flaws; and their support will be almost certain to carry New York.

Mr. Lincoln is what may be termed a liberal Republican, in its true sense, and, with him as the candidate, the bloody shirt will be unmistakably lost sight of in the canvass. He will doubtless get a larger vote in the Southern states than any other man we can nominate; for the opinion is now almost universal, that the South lead a true friend in the person of his father; and it is but fair to assume that a union of Lincoln and Todd blood, will not be less devoted to the people of the South than to those of the North and West.

But do not suppose that I expect the Republicans to carry a single Southern state, with even their most available candidate. With such a leader as Mr. Lincoln, each section will simply be without excuse; and if the people of the North shall prove to be so recreant to duty as to vote against him, rather than the representative of a party which can be elected only through force and fraud, in the South, then let them bear the odium, and, with us, wear the chain! We are powerless, under our present fraudulent election laws, and if the people of the North are so unmindful of duty as to sustain such a usurpation of our most sacred rights, then, let them rest assured, that they too will soon feel the crushing force of their own delinquency, but perhaps only after the last opportunity to redeem our own dear South land, and the Nation, from the heel of the usurping oppressor, is lost forever.—SIMEON COVLEY.

CARL JUNCTION, MO.—As an old veteran subscriber to the BLADE I will give mine briefly as possible. First—I am tired of the Kilkenny cat business in the Republican party, brought on by designing politicians, and advantages taken by the Democracy; such things tend to disrupt any party. Second—I am in favor of nominating a man that will unite all factions of the Republican party. We want no more Blaine or Sherman men that would rather see the party defeated than any other should be the nominee. Third—we want a man that will burst the solidity of the South. With almost any man we could name, they would be solid for Cleveland or any man nominated by the Democracy. Fourth—We want a man that every soldier of the Union army can conscientiously vote for. And believing Bob Lincoln is that man, I say give us Lincoln and Joe Hawley in 1888. If I find that I vote for whoever it may be. —HUGH L. THOMPSON.

METROPOLIS, ILL.—There will be no voting under protest or not voting at all if Lincoln is nominated, and no mugwumpery; the party will be a unit. He will receive a larger Southern vote than any other man and perhaps carry two or three Southern states. He will have less opposition from the Democracy than any other man, and many Democrats, especially soldiers, will vote for him. The people will accept him as their candidate, and not as one thrust on them by demogogues. I hope your readers will express themselves freely and not a man or woman who is for Lincoln fail to speak out. Let Robert T. Lincoln be the Republican nominee for the Presidency in 1888, and we will sweep the field. Democrats will tremble if he is nominated.—F. M. STRATTON.

BOSCOBEL, WIS.—When you called for Presidential preferences, I, like a great many others, did not suppose Mr. Robert T. Lincoln could possibly be considered a candidate by the Republican managers, and I assure you he is my choice, above all others, and, had I the time to invest, I could easily get a hundred names who prefer Mr. Lincoln. A decisive Republican success demands it, and the purity of the party demands it. And, more yet, the leaders of the party need a lesson for the future, to show the fact that a percentage of American voters have convictions of their own that they will stand by, i. e. a *universal* candidate, unhampered, noble. And as a man without blemish, probably Mr. Lincoln cannot be excelled. I never heard any Democrat, even the least informed, say aught against Mr. Lincoln. Most assuredly he would sweep this part of Wisconsin.—EDWIN PIKE.

THAYER, MO.—I left the Republican party in '84, and supported St. John. I am not willing to support either Blaine or Sherman in '88, but would be glad to work and vote for Robert T. Lincoln. Let us have done with old fossils on both sides.—G. M. DUREY.

BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—If Mr. Lincoln is nominated it will not be necessary to flood the land with pamphlets and spenkers, or solicit a dollar to carry on the campaign. He will beat Cleveland by a tremendous majority. We are indebted to the Republican organization when Logan lived, and his friends will now flock to Lincoln's standard. The few mugwumps here were delighted with your editorial of last week. They are ardent supporters of the martyred President's son, and I doubt not the same sentiment.—EUGENE SCHUMO, M. D.

PALMETTO, TENN.—I am a Tennessee Republican, was born and lived seventeen years in South Carolina; was a Whig before the war, as my father before me. Voted for Bell and Everett in 1860. Opposed secession. Stood upon the side of the Union during the days of the rebellion and have acted with the Republican party from that time to the present without office or reward. I write the above to preface what I shall say in regard to the Republican candidate for President in '88. I am one of James G. Blaine's greatest admirers, would rather see him President than any man, and if my vote alone would elect him he would get it certain and sure.

But I fear, and greatly doubt his ability as a candidate, and our motto should be, "Take no chances." Mr. Blaine has too many personal enemies in his own party, and, but for that, he would have been elected in '84. My second choice, as a man, is John Sherman, and as a candidate, he is my first choice. I think Sherman can poll the full Republican vote, and that is tantamount to an election. But (as some say) suppose Sherman can't be nominated, because he has been working too hard for the nomination. What then? Then I say, take the man who never ground a political axe. Nominate a "politician;" fourth, the almost universal disposition to honor the memory of his justly renowned father; third, the love of the people of this country for the manly worth that they see in the son of the martyred hero; fourth, the fact the office does not seek the office, but the office does seek him.—C. H. JOHN.

MULBERRY GROVE, ILL.—With Lincoln and Hawley, success will be ours. I have conversed with several of the leading Republicans and old soldiers of this place, and they say "Give us Lincoln and Hawley." Being a young man and a stannch Republican I want to see the son of Abraham Lincoln President.—W. A. ELAM.

ELM GROVE, WEST VA.—I am a strong Blaine man but his defeat in 1884 will lead to a failure in 1888, so my choice is Robert T. Lincoln. He is the only man that can put the Republican party in power again.—D. R. BANKS.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Blaine is the leading Presidential candidate of the Republican party, and the only popular Presidential candidate of any party. In his personality centers an interest for which many reasons have been given by friend and foe, while there remains ever something that eludes explanation. Wherever Mr. Blaine moves the eyes of his countrymen follow.—GOTTLIEB SCHAFEL.

EAGLE, MICH.—Lincoln is our first choice.—I. R. DOTY, E. MILES.

STEVENSVILLE, MONT.—Lincoln is the man for President. In regard to Sherman or Blaine, it would be largely an issue for the man—Personal. For Lincoln it would be an issue for Republicanism—National. What ought to be considered is the want of the nation, not of the man. No blood can enthuse and rally the Grand Old Party of Liberty as that of Lincoln. I am one who has never made a political speech or written a sticble for any party, although in public life over 25 years.

BEEBE, ARK.—Blaine is my first choice for President. But anybody to beat Cleveland. The name of Lincoln is beloved in the South by all, or nearly all, the thousands of ex-Confederates who were the gray would vote for Robert Lincoln and he would get every colored vote. There would not be half the opposition to Lincoln in the South there would be to either Blaine or Sherman.—J. MCK. BEEBE.

JELLOWAY, O.—I was an enthusiastic Blaine man when he was out before. I am a friend still. But he has been defeated once, what new strength has he gained? None. With the temperance people he has lost, and also with the independent Republicans in the Mugwump camp. If I could be sure that Sherman would pursue the spirit and the letter of Civil Service Reform he would be my first choice. I can and will heartily support Robt. T. Lincoln, because he is an upright forward citizen, with personal independence and honor enough to not truckle to the political jobbers.—YOUNG REPUBLICAN.

[Remember hereafter to write only on one side of your paper.—ED. BLADE.]

BUTLER, IND.—I would like to see Robt. T. Lincoln nominated for President. Most of the Republicans around here think Blaine had one chance and that's enough. We would like to vote for a man who is not a chronic politician. Give us Lincoln and Hawley and Indiana is Republican.—C. S. ARFORD.

EAST LEAVENWORTH, MO.—I have always been a strong Blaine man, and I think him the ablest statesman in America, but I am afraid to risk Blaine in 1888, and why run any risk? Give us Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hawley, of Connecticut, and 1888 is ours, and don't you forget it.—JASPER BRADSBERRY.

LAMARTINE, WIS.—I think Lincoln an available candidate. First, he is an honest man, which can't be said of all politicians. Second, he don't want the office.—A. J. HINKLEY.

CLINTON, MO.—Upon the choice made by the Republicans will rest the success or failure of the party in the coming campaign. I would like to see Blaine President, but from what I hear in the ranks of the party there are some who will not vote for him. Sherman has few bitter enemies here, but the rank and file would cheerfully support Robert T. Lincoln. There is a growing desire for his nomination, and there are men who have not voted at any previous election, whose fathers are old-line Whigs, but were of late years united with the Democratic party because of the differences caused by the late war. Many of such would vote for Lincoln much more readily than for Blaine or Sherman. All things considered, Lincoln is surely the strongest man in this part of the country. I care not what good Republican is elected, but to make the election sure the strongest man is needed at the head of the ticket, and I believe R. T. Lincoln to be that man.—MARSHALL LOBBS.

COTTAGEVILLE, W. VA.—Give us Robert T. Lincoln. He is the man that can carry every Northern state, and the only man that can break the Solid South. Every negro in the South will vote for him in spite of hell and high water. I voted for Old Abe twice, and would like to vote for Robert in 1888.—S. L. BARBER.

WESTERMAN, OHIO.—R. T. Lincoln, first, last and all the time, for these reasons: He is the most available man in our party; a pure and good man; will carry more states than any other one of our good men in the Republican party. We want a man that we can elect, and I think Lincoln is the one man. We want to make a sure shot.—H. M. BROWER.

PERRYVILLE, ARK.—Although I do not regard any man of this nation a more suitable one than the distinguished James G. Blaine, yet I believe his nomination impracticable, unsafe and unwise, and think no one is more cognizant of that fact than Mr. Blaine himself. If you want an old-time Republican victory, place that noble son of a noble sire, Robert T. Lincoln, at the head of the ticket, and you will see such a rallying of Republican forces and rebuke to Democratic free trade as you have never seen before.—J. A. VANCE.

NEW ATHENS, O.—We need a President who can take a broad and comprehensive view of our wants and aspirations, who can by wise statesmanship bring the commerce of other lands to our ports, keep the fires of our diversified industries aglow, and aid us in taking our place in the front ranks of the nations which our energy, mechanical skill, intellectual and moral culture, and our wonderful possibilities for the future entitles us. A President who shall not act the part of a mere clerk, like the present incumbent has shown himself to do. We want a grand man, who will honor the office in place of the office honoring him. We want James G. Blaine.—J. W. HUNTER.

PERIN, IND.—I speak in behalf of a large majority of the Republican voters of my township, and they are unanimously for Robert T. Lincoln for President in 1888. He is the people's candidate. Blaine is not popular now like him, but the voters adore him. No Blaine in theirs. Lincoln has every quality of a good President. Yes, more good qualities than any candidate we ever had. He will sweep the North and many of the Southern states will vote for him, especially will they where there is a majority of colored voters. They will brave any danger or difficulty to vote for "Massa Abe's boy."—T. H. B. BAKER.

OXFORD, O.—Originally a Sherman man, but now in favor of Lincoln, and more especially since the BLADE'S interview, making us better acquainted with the man. I now think, with others he is the most available man, all things considered—not being a politician, or chronic office-seeker, with an honorable name, a clean record, and above the tongue of slander, he best represents what our noble party has been striving after for years. Let us have Lincoln and Hawley, and the field is ours.—J. COULTER, SR.

SHELBYVILLE, MO.—Robert T. Lincoln, first, last and all the time. He is honest, competent, from the people and for the people; the soldiers' friend, and will do right. He is the choice of every Republican I have heard say anything about it, and I have inquired of many.—J. S. DUNCAN.

RETREAT, W. S.—We want harmony in the Republican party; we want the Blaine and Sherman factions to accord, and Robert T. Lincoln is the man to promote this.—A. F. BATES.

FREETOWN, IND.—My first and last choice is Robert T. Lincoln. Judging from the sentiments expressed in my locality, I firmly believe that if the nomination of the next Republican candidate for the Presidency were left to a vote of the people, Bob Lincoln would receive the nomination by a unanimous vote. It is not unusual in my locality to hear an old Democrat the remark: "If Bob Lincoln is nominated I will vote for him, even if he is a Republican." We think that all our old politicians should be retired from the arena, and this sooner the better, and their places filled with new blood.—J. N. CULBERTSON.

WILSEY, KAN.—In 1882 the following states voted as given in the left hand columns of the subjoining table and in 1884 as in the right hand columns. I have used round numbers for convenience:

	1882		1884.	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
California	.....	24,000	13,000	.....
Illinois	5,500	.....	26,000	.....
Indiana	.....	10,000	.....	4,000
Kansas	.....	5,000	50,000	.....
Massachusetts	.....	13,000	24,000	.....
Michigan	.....	4,500	10,000	.....
New York	.....	193,000	.....	954
Ohio	.....	1,500	35,000	.....
Pennsylvania	.....	40,000	78,000	.....
Wisconsin	.....	11,000	12,000	.....

In the 48th Congress we had 119 members in the House and in the 49th we gained 33 members. We Blaine men claim that this was what the candidacy of James G. Blaine accomplished. If he could reduce the Democratic majority in Ohio-fifths in 1884 he can bring it into the Republican column in 1888. If he could reduce the Democratic majority in New York from 193,000 to 954 in 1884 in spite of Cleveland's popularity, he can carry the state by 50,000 in 1888. Blaine is the only man who can carry New York and the Pacific Coast, and with Senator Evarts, of New York, on the ticket with him we will have both bosses of Congress and elect our ticket by sweeping majorities all around. Defeated in 1884 by an accident, Blaine has grown in popular favor ever since. Thousands who voted against him in 1884 simply for a "change" are falling into line and demand his nomination in 1888. He is the only prominent man we have who can command a large Irish vote and this vote we must have to carry New York.—GEO. FLOYD.

[We can not agree that the statistics given by our friend are to be taken as proving anything more than the growth of Republicanism. How else can we account for the fact that in 1886, at the Congressional elections, the Republicans gained 13 more members of the lower house of Congress than they elected in 1884, when Blaine was running for the Presidency? It behooves us all to look at the situation in the clear light of reason. We believe Blaine to be much weaker now than he was in 1884, and our reason is this: In answering we quiz as to Presidential preferences, thousands of our subscribers discussed the situation. Their letters were a revelation to us. We found that there is a very strong feeling that Blaine shall not be nominated again. There are thousands of Republicans who voted for him in 1884 who will not do so again. There is no possible reason why he should be stronger; and we think our correspondent entirely mistaken in supposing that he is. We do not believe he could carry New York, nor could Sherman. We are convinced that Blaine, great statesman as he is, cannot poll his party strength in the Union. We must have a man who can win, not one with whom defeat is certain.—ED. BLADE.]

Who Wrote Shakespeare?"

The Immortal Bard of Avon would turn uneasily in his grave could he but know of the theories evolved from the enigmatical language of the cryptogram through which Mr. Ignatius Donnelly aims to prove that Francis Bacon was the author of those imperishable plays which have been handed down with undimmed lustre through the critical light of over three centuries.

It is of comparatively little consequence, however, to those who find delight in those undying lines and receive inspiration from a philosophy that seems almost to have penetrated the mists of the unknown and to have handed down to posterity living truths, second only to the Sacred Word.

Whether the great idol of the English speaking world shall stand or fall by the result of Mr. Donnelly's researches, his work will undoubtedly prove one of the greatest literary achievements of the age.

There is another name that will go down the ages with the blessings of generations yet unborn as a benefactor of mankind. We speak of Mr. Charles D. Keep, the great stock operator and proprietor of the *Wall Street News*, who made it possible by his wonderful discovery to do what people were at first indisposed to believe, and what physicians have never been able to accomplish, the cure of hoarseness or sore throat in a few minutes, and the utter annihilation of a cough or cold over night by the use of the wonderful K-Wren Remedies. Mr. Keep was not the man to identify himself with any catchpenny article, being at the time of the discovery engaged in gigantic enterprises, besides with his "Argus-eyed" paper protecting the interests of the public against the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of the sharks of Wall street.

But having been marvellously cured himself of a terrible cough and cankerous sore throat from which the combined skill of every well known physician had failed utterly to give him any relief, he at once resolved, from purely philanthropic motives, to place this, the most wonderful discovery of the age, within the reach of all. The result is well known to the denizens of Wall street and to the neighborhood of 49 Exchange place.

That was a memorable spring, that of 1887, when the headquarters of the K-Wren Remedies was besieged by eager crowds, clamoring to obtain this great boon to mankind—crowding, pushing and elbowing their way through the crowd lest the supply should become exhausted, but it was not exhausted, and a new factory was erected capable of supplying the world.

That is saying a great deal, as the city of New York alone contains a population of 1,500,000 souls, and it is entirely within bounds to say that fully one-half of that enormous population at this season of the year are afflicted with some affection of the throat and lungs

And now when the chilly winds of autumn sweep down from the northern latitudes, bringing coughs, colds, croup, sore throats, and that gaunt spectre *pneumonia*, that stalks abroad through the damp and mists, the headquarters of K-Wren begins to experience a repetition of the memorable spring of this year.

Not all, however, come to buy—for no prudent housewife will be without a *stock on hand* of the celebrated K-Wren Remedies—but many come to personally thank the manager for the wonderful cures wrought by these famous remedies. Our mails are deluged with letters: "A child saved from croup;" "a husband cured of a hacking cough;" a whole "neighborhood cured of bad coughs and colds."

A family where there are young children might as well be without flour in the house as the K-Wren Cough Balsam and Troches, for croup and sore throat stands no chance before them, any more than any other disease of the throat and lungs. Clergymen, public singers, actors and lawyers pronounce them simply indispensable.

All druggists keep them, and in places where there are no drug stores the K-Wren Troches will be mailed on receipt of price post-paid. The Balsam will be sent by express, charges prepaid when ordering six or more bottles at a time.

K-Wren Troches, price 10, 15 and 25 cents per box.

K-Wren Cough Balsam, price 50 cents and $1 per bottle. CHARLES D. KEEP,
Sole Agent, 44 Exchange place, N. Y.

LINCOLN'S STRENGTH.

It Is With the People and Not With the Politicians—He Will Never Mortgage Federal Patronage to Secure the Nomination.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A reporter, in passing through the Chamber of Commerce on Saturday, chatted with Col. William H. Reed, ex-special treasury inspector and a former neighbor and friend of Robert T. Lincoln, and asked him for his views on the use of Mr. Lincoln's name for the Presidency. The reporter asked:

"Do you think Mr. Lincoln would decline the Republican nomination for President?"

"No," was Col. Reed's reply.

"Do you think he desires the nomination?"

"Decidedly no."

"Then why should or would he accept if nominated?"

"On the same principle that he would enlist to fight for his country; while he might deplore the necessity, he would not evade the responsibility."

"Do you think he would be a strong candidate?"

"The name of Robert T. Lincoln and the relations he bears to the mass of Americans, especially to the Republican party and its leaders, would remold the party into its former condition, that of a homogeneous mass. The party is now in about the condition of an old cannon full of cracks and seams, dividing Half-breeds, Stalwarts, and Mugwumps. The name of Lincoln would recast the old battle piece and make it fit for victory.

"His nomination would wipe out all dividing lines. He is without bias or prejudice has no friends to reward or enemies to punish within the party. He was the trusted friend of President Garfield; the honored counselor of President Arthur. He passed through the great disrupting storms of the Republican party in the early part of this decade, and avoided all dissensions.

"One of the most prominent actors in the tragical drama of the Garfield-Arthur administrations, he retained fully the trust and affections of both these men and of the opposing schools within the party represented by them. Mr. Lincoln has no more right to shrink from his duty in leading the party to victory than he had to refuse to serve his country in the field. The cardinal principles of the party are those for which Abraham Lincoln died, and Robert T Lincoln must uphold them while he lives at whatever great sacrifice to his personal comfort and tastes."

"Do you think him qualified for the position?"

"I have met a very large number of the leading men of our country, and I say without hesitation that Mr. Lincoln is the most perfect civil executive I ever saw. His prescience, earnestness, and decision of character are marvelous. He came upon the stage as a close student of American events just 31 years ago, and his opportunities for the study of the various phases of our Republic in peace and war have been unsurpassed, and he has grasped and mastered every view presented."

"Do you think he will be nominated next year?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Flannigan, of Texas, answered that, in the Republican convention of 1880, when he asked, 'What are we here for, if not for the offices?' Mr. Lincoln will not mortgage the Federal patronage in advance in any state for the votes of their delegates; and as this is one of the essentials in nominating Presidents in both parties, he is not available."

"Then you think he will never be President?"

"Sometime, perhaps; but not by the machine method. I do expect, however, that the patriotism of the party will rise above personal interests, and that in order to insure victory, Mr. Lincoln will, in the future, head the ticket."

"Mr. Lincoln's strength seems to be negative, such as being without enemies and belonging to no party faction. What is his positive strength?"

"Abraham Lincoln carried New York by a majority over a fusion of the Douglas, Breckenridge and Bell Democrats and Whigs, in 1860, and by 50,000 majority against George B. McClellan in 1864. New York has a large foreign population, and they remember that Abraham Lincoln was the first great American to claim for them the rights promised in the Declaration of Independence, and that through his influence Germany and England were forever debarred by the statute—and artillery—from impressing our adopted American citizens into their armies. Robert T. Lincoln heartily endorses all this. He is stronger with the mass of the 1,000,000 ex soldiers, their fathers, brothers, sons, and grandsons than any one else. He will receive the unanimous vote of the Afro-Americans. He is strong with the laborers, as he was the first War secretary to increase the pay of laborers and cut down that of the holders of sinecures. He is strong with merchants and bankers, because he is conservative, level-headed, and a safe man in any position. He is strong with the great body of intelligent, independent voters who either scratch their tickets or stay away from the polls for want of a clean, pure candidate."

"Don't you think the name of the father would lend strength to the son?"

"That is just the delicate question with Mr. Lincoln. He refuses to pose as an echo of a dead past, and that only. He declines to trade on the immortal name of Lincoln, either in business or politics. In 1864 the American people elected Abraham Lincoln by a vote of 211 out of 233 in the Electoral College, his opponent, Gen. McClellan, receiving but 21 votes. He was inaugurated March 4, 1865, and lived just 40 days; and I have heard men from nearly every state in the Union express themselves to the effect that they would be glad to see the eternal fitness of things recognized by the election of the son to fill out the unexpired term of the father."

THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

What Protection Has Done For the United States and for the People of Our Country.

Built up towns and cities.

Kept American money in America.

Provided abundance and cheapness.

Given us commercial independence.

Doubled our foreign trade since 1860.

Provided steady work for willing workers.

Universally expanded the useful industries.

Increased manufactures fivefold in twenty years.

Vastly improved the condition of farm laborers.

Conserved both individual and national interests.

Fed and clad Americans with American products.

Lowered many articles below the European prices.

Unlocked the capital awaiting profitable investment.

Applied our own labor to our own natural resources.

Created diversity of employment for skilled labor.

Reduced the price of every manufactured article.

Enormously increased the general wealth of the country.

Turned capital into ten thousand channels of enterprise.

Raised the average of wages to double that paid in Europe.

Put 90 per cent. of the annual product into the pocket of labor.

Presented labor the key to knowledge and self-improvement.

Contributed to the prosperity, not of the few, but of the many.

Enhanced the value of farming lands by promoting manufactures.

Aided in the distribution of wealth by encouraging competition.

Fortified artificial advantages, such as those arising from inventions.

Made the United States the greatest workshop on the face of the earth.

Increased revenue and commerce in greater ratio than population.

Improved the quality as well as increased the quantity of manufactures.

Lowered the cost of living more than 25 per cent. since 1876.

Diminished profits, but at the same time enlarged the volume of business.

Rendered possible the payment of living wages for getting our raw material.

Increased the production and wonderfully reduced the price of steel rails.

Established an equilibrium between agriculture, commerce and manufactures.

Provided a market at home that takes nine-tenths of the farmer's products.

Steadily increased the wages of skilled and unskilled labor in the last ten years.

Armed the government for a successful war of defense against the seceding South.

Put the vast volume of our currency into constant and general use among ourselves.

Benefited the farmer by preventing his customers from becoming his competitors.

Provided occupation, or the means of living, for more than 8,000,000 immigrants.

Saved 5,000,000 workers from the results of direct competition with cheap foreign labor.

Caused American labor to be more productive, per man, than that of any other land.

Made a market for products at the very door of the factory and the gate of the farm.

Cheapened the cost of transportation, by stimulating the investment of capital in railroads.

Diverted the energies of the people into new pursuits and opened up new avenues to employment.

Promoted the exportation of manufactures by cheapening them, while still maintaining good wages.

Blessed labor with the ability to create a demand for more labor by being able to buy what it produces.

Prevented an inundation of foreign goods like that which swept away our manufacturing industries in 1817.

Developed to an approximate state of perfection those industries requiring a high degree of skill in the workmen.

So fostered our woolen industries that they make four fifths of all the woolen goods used by American people.

Opened to the industrious poor of other lands the gateway to the largest opportunities far bettering their condition.

Enabled American silk manufactories to grow and prosper, and make the best dress goods produced in the world to-day.

Brought the consumption of manufactured commodities up to twice as much per capita as any other nation consumes.

Enabled the United States to reduce its debt $1,500,000,000 since 1865, while all other great nations have largely increased their debt.

Guarded farmers from competition with India wheat produced by laborers at one-eighth of what is paid in the United States.

Trebled the number of hands employed in woolen industries, quintupled the aggregate of wages paid, and quintupled the capital employed.

Opened to the industrious, enterprising and inventive skilled workman possibilities that are presented to the laborer in no other country.

Fixed the standard of comforts among workingmen infinitely higher than it was 30 years ago in America, or is to-day in any European country.

Advanced our working people far beyond those of any other country by securing to them the means to buy the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life.

Reduced pauperism, so that with a population one-third larger than the whole of Great Britain, the United States has less paupers than Scotland alone.

So diffused capital that the working people of the United States now have on deposit in savings banks, building associations and other savings institutions not less than $6,000,000,000.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

"Rob o' Lincoln," I hear, I hear,
From field of cotton, rice, and corn;
"Rob o' Lincoln," rings loud and clear,
To sunset gates from hills of morn.

"Rob o' Lincoln," the pine hills call;
Answer the prairies far away!
Echo over the mountain wall,
Dying only where dies the day.

"Rob o' Lincoln," by Northern lake,
From bush and briar, from morn to noon;
"Rob o' Lincoln," in cypress brake,
By sluggish stream and dark lagoon.

"Rob o' Lincoln," forever and aye,
From North to South, from East to West;
"Rob o' Lincoln," the valor and alway
Claims and holds thee unto its breast.

"Rob o' Lincoln," I hear, I hear,
Around, about, below, above;
"Rob o' Lincoln," the whole land o'er,
Bears a message of peace and love.
—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

If you have **Asthma** send to T. Popham & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for a Free Trial Package of Popham's Asthma Specific. It gives instant relief. Established 20 years. Try it.

Educated Little Charles.

"Charles, dear, that boy is going to be a great mathematician; mark my words. Darling, one cent and one cent are how many?"

Son—"Where is they?"—*Epoch.*

The Man of Small Capital

Who wishes to engage in a profitable business, should send to Geo. H. Pierce, 136 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa., for his large illustrated catalogue of the Best Magic Lanterns and Views, which is Mailed Free, and gives all desired information. Prices reduced.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company,

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS L, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, November 8, 1887.—210th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.		
1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
200 "	100	20,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
3,000 Terminal "	50	50,000
3179 Prizes, amounting to		$535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only in the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity. The payment of all prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

A Sad Chicago Romance.

Chicago Girl—So you are to be married next month? You are more fortunate than I. My wedding has been postponed.

Omaha Girl—Why, are you engaged?

"Oh, yes. I was just ready to send out my cards when poor, dear George came in and said we would have to wait."

"How awkward! What happened?"

"He hasn't got a divorce from his wife yet."

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If yo want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	1 00
The four generals	1 00
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Five New Novels for 15 Cents.

5 NEW NOVELS.

All complete in the NOVEMBER NUMBER of the FAMILY LIBRARY MONTHLY. ONLY 15 CENTS. Of all newsdealer, or THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., New York.

SEND for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Gymnastics, Forfeits, Parlor Games, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette, etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann St., New York.

H

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Be temperate in all things."

A wise admonition but one that is passed over unheeded more than any other command which tends by obedience to its behests to lead to the higher life. It is not difficult to know where to draw the line in order not to be thieves or liars or not to do any other evil thing which is definitely named, but when it comes to being temperate in all things, we are apt to feel that it does not concern us whose respectability in the eyes of the world is undoubted. To the majority, the terms temperate and intemperate convey but the one idea—that of over-indulgence in the "strong drink which is raging." And yet how infinitely beyond this do the words extend, applying to all parts of our lives, and to every day's living. I have not a shadow of doubt when the mortality has put on immortality, we shall find that many of those whose names are the most prominent in what is universally termed the cause of temperance, meaning the refraining from strong drink, will find themselves condemned for the same sin as the drunkard, the only difference being in its direction.

I came across the following amusing lines in the Chicago *Tribune* the other day, which illustrates the case exactly:

He preached 'gainst whisky, rum and gin,
All use of liquor he'd decry;
He said that drinking was a sin—
But ate the toughest kind of pie.

Tobacco in each form he spurned,
To soothing "cubebs" he demurred;
For him no soft Havana burned—
But he would eat a beefsteak fried.

Jaundiced he lived and died of spleen,
And fools kept green his memory then,
Called him "Reformer" who had been
The most intemperate of men.

That is it. No doubt he believed himself without sin in the direction of intemperance, and yet, while he was preaching to others, lived a lie himself to the end of his days, and that end was hastened by his own self-indulgence.

Intemperance in eating may be more respectable than intemperance in drinking, because its effects are not so apparent to the world, or if they are, they are given another name. Very many of the diseases that sweep people out of existence are the direct results of overeating, but such deaths are called dispensations of Providence, and are regarded with regret in the same community which thanks Heaven for the removal of the man who drank himself into the hereafter. It is an interesting question as to the way in which Divine justice will deal with these persons. In my mind there is no shadow of doubt but that the sin against the spirit is as great in the one case as the other. The only difference lies in the immediate consequences flowing from the two modes of self-murder.

The primary use of food is to nourish the body, as every one knows. To do this, it is necessary to have it of the best quality, of a good variety and well-cooked and served. To eat then with moderation is a duty, but when, because the taste is gratified, we turn ourselves into sausages, we have done not one whit better than the man or woman who has drunk to excess, and is disgraced in the eyes of all who know the fact.

I remember a minister who used to preach the most moving sermons against the use of wine in the homes of his people, and make earnest and eloquent appeals to the young to abstain from card-playing and dancing, which were, he said, the gates leading to destruction. All this sounded very well, but when one knew his absolute powerlessness to limit his appetite at the table, which at the same time he demanded to be supplied with what could be had only at the expense of his wife's strength and health, it was hard to avoid calling him a hypocrite. He would eat in the face of his knowledge of consequences, and then when dyspepsia gleefully grabbed him, he would make the life of the whole family miserable with his gloom and misery, his nervousness and irritability.

"His irritability!" That is a gentle way of speaking of the infirmities of temper that grow out of this intemperance in eating. The man or woman who drinks, sometimes develops a maudlin good nature while under its influence, that never harms, but only amuses or disgusts the witnesses. The effects of over-eating never take that direction. They never develop into a desire to joke or to make merry. The dyspeptic is no merry-maker at any time.

If the injunction of temperance was obeyed in the matter of eating, there would be fewer overtasked housekeepers in the land. The preparation of so many kinds of food for each meal, the making of pies and cakes *ad infinitum* when added to the other family cares make the veriest slaves and drudges of wives who are compelled to do it with their own hands, and complicates domestic matters when they do not. Not that I mean to say that this intemperance in eating is entirely a masculine fault, but that it has come to be a general thing, and the burden must fall upon the home keepers.

"Be temperate in all things" means just exactly what it says. It does not simply forbid us to be drunkards; but that we may not be gluttons or anything approaching thereto; that we shall control not just one appetite but keep all within a safe limit—that limit to be made by the requirements of our physical and moral natures. A little thought, a little watchfulness will tell us where that is. The sin of ignorance in that regard we are inclined to excuse, both in ourselves and in others, far too easily. We say, "I did not know the consequences," when in most cases we did not *want* to know, because knowledge would bring responsibility and interfere with the gratification of some appetite.

An intelligent understanding of what is needed for the well being of our individual physical natures is not hard to arrive at, but the gratification of our desires bringing present pleasure has a stronger hold upon human nature generally than any fear of possible future evils. It is only when the evils come, when we are suffering from the effects of our intemperance, that the most thoughtful among us realize what we might have spared ourselves, or have any conception of the actual sin committed. "Be temperate in all things," is a command that it is safe to follow, if we desire not only to live up to our higher natures, but to be even comfortable and at ease physically.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Many requests having come for the methods of skeletonizing leaves and crystallizing grasses, the following from "Old Dr. Chase's Recipes" is given:

To Crystallize Grasses.—Dissolve one pound of best, white pulverized alum, over a slow fire, in one quart of pure, soft water. The beauty of the grasses depends on the pure whiteness of the crystals; hence the mixture must not be allowed to boil, and care must be taken that nothing gets in that can possibly stain it. After the alum is dissolved, let the solution cool down to blood heat. Arrange the grasses in a new earthen bowl, pour the solution over them, and cover up and set away for 24 hours. Take the grasses out carefully, dry them in the sun four or five hours, and arrange in vases prepared for them. When the grasses are formed into a bouquet before crystallizing, take a glazed earthen jar, and suspend the bouquet from a stick laid across the mouth of the jar, and pour on the solution. The alum water that remains may be reheated, tinged blue, purple, or scarlet, by a few drops of dye and used again. All kinds of plants may be treated in the same way.

To Skeletonize Leaves.—The best leaves for this purpose are those of exogenous plants. These may be known, by those not familiar with botanical descriptions, by a vein running through the center from the base to the point, and smaller veins branching off from it, while the other class, or endogenous plants, have several veins of equal size, which rise from the base and curve towards the apex of the leave. To get rid of the fleshy part of the leaves, put them in an earthenware pan or tub of rain water, so that they shall be entirely covered, and let them stand in the sun. They will probably need to stand at least a fortnight, but examination will show when they are pulpy and decaying. Then procure some cards, camel's hair brush, and another dish is rather stiff. Float a leaf on the card, and with the camel's hair brush remove the skin. Have ready a basin of clear water, and when the skin of one side is removed reverse the card quickly, and slip it under the leaf again. This will bring the other side uppermost, and the skin may then be removed from that, and with it most likely will come the fleshy part. If any remains it can very easily be washed off, or removed with the soft brush. If it continues obstinate, use the hard one, taking great care not to break the ribs. It is impossible to use the hard brush with any horizontal motion without breaking the skeleton. The next thing is the bleaching process. Prepare a solution of chloride of lime. Let it settle and pour off the clear liquid. Then float the skeletons off of the cards, one half dozen at a time, and in from two to four hours they will be ready to be taken out and washed in several waters. Let them lie, at the last, in clear water for one-half hour. Then float each one on a card again, arranging them flat and in the natural shape. Use the camel's hair brush to assist in this operation. Choose well-grown leaves, without flaws. When they are thoroughly skeletonized they should be pure white, with every rib perfect. Then placed upon a background of black velvet, they are very beautiful.

Now is the time to begin making Christmas presents, and "Fancy Work and House Decorations" will help you greatly. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS ON FABRIC PAINTING.—LOUNGE SCARF ON CRIMSON FELT.—A good quality of felt of the length required, and as wide as the taste suggests. These articles are comfortable as well as beautiful, so they should not be too small. Pattern No. 1247—4½ inches wide—Ivy leaves, is a handsome design which will be easy to paint. A large painting board is needed for such designs, in fact is useful for all kinds of fabric work. One a yard square will be found exceedingly convenient. Thumb tacks are also needed, as they hold the goods more firmly than pins. Bristle brushes are cheaper than sable, and do very nice work on felt or any kind of cloth. Drying oil and a little turpentine are also necessary to do this work.

For this pattern the following colors in Winsor & Newton tube colors will be needed:

Burnt sienna, raw umber, carmine, chrome zinnober (green), terre verte; kremnitz white. Use white powder to do the stamp—stamping only the length you can conveniently place on the painting board at one time.

The best plan is to paint this first in white, using enough drying oil when mixing your paint to blend it smooth.

Let this body color dry, and then the natural colors may be laid on.

I would suggest three sizes of bristle brushes—2, 4 and 6—for making up this design. Paint the leaves in chrome green, with shadings of the zinnober and terre verte green. On some leaves a little burnt sienna and raw umber; use raw umber for the stems, shading them with carmine. After the leaves are dry, take an outline brush and make the veins. A natural spray of ivy will aid in doing the work with fidelity to nature.

A catalogue of choice stamping patterns furnished on receipt of four cents postage. —E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch sl st, chain slip stitch; d c 2 tog, double crochet stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o ssst, open shell stitch; t, treble; a h c, short crochet.

Wheel Lace.—Cast on 11 stitches, knit across plain twice—1st row: slip 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 1—o 1—n—o—k 2—2d row: k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1; rest plain; 3d row: slip 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—knit rest plain; 4th row: k plain; 5th row: slip 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 1—o 1—n—o 1—n—o 1—n—k 1; 6th row: k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—knit rest plain; 7th row: slip 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—knit rest plain; 8th row: n—1, 1—n—k 1—n—knit rest plain; 9th row: slip 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 10th row: k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—knit rest plain; 11th row: slip 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—knit rest plain; 12th row: b off 5—knit rest plain, you will now have 11 stitches; 13th row: slip 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—knit rest plain; 14th row: knit plain. Begin with first row. O t means over twice.

FRENCH TERMS IN BILLS-OF-FARE.

Puree—This name is given to very thick soups, the ingredients for thickening which have been rubbed through a sieve.

Vol-au-vent—A kind of meat pudding, to which white wine and sometimes eggs are added.

Ragout—A rich, brown stew, with mushrooms, vegetables, etc.

Piquante—A sauce of several flavors, acid predominating.

Quenelles—Forcemeat with bread, yolk of eggs, highly seasoned, and formed with a spoon to an oval shape, then poached and used either as a dish by themselves, or to garnish.

Remoulade—A salad dressing differing from mayonnaise in that the eggs are hard boiled and rubbed in a mortar with mustard, herbs, etc.

Rissole—Fine mince of meat or fish rolled in a thin pastry and fried.

Roux—A cooked mixture of butter and flour for thickening soups and stews.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLEASANT LETTER.—Long before I was married I used to send in timid little letters from my Missouri home. "Fairplay" mercilessly picked one of them to pieces. I remember, much to my discomfiture. I wonder whether those lines from the sober midwife meet a similar fate? I hope not.

Perhaps it would interest you, dear sisters, to hear of our Western life. We are situated some 75 or 80 miles southwest of Lendville, near the little town of Carbondale, where lots that sold for $25 apiece a year ago, now command from $150 to $250. My husband is in charge of a piece of railroad work, and lately I have been and I prefer to live in camp, so as to be with papa. We are very comfortable, for our quarters consist of a warm, dirt-roofed log house, with a "lean to" in the rear. One end is given up to my husband's office, and the rest is my kingdom. My own room is very cosy. The large south window, canvassed ceiling and walls, carpeted floor, white bed, curtained toilet table and camp chairs make up the appointments of an apartment as luxurious as any outside of town dwellings.

We are living in a narrow canon, where there is barely room for the railroad grade and a brawling mountain stream. Until six months ago, all provisions were packed in on burros, but now the road is graded on the railroad grade. When track is laid a wagon will never come up here; there is no place to build the road.

The scenery is grand. On either side rise the mountains, steep and rugged, seamed by vertical strata of red sandstone that stand out here and there in great buttes, their leaves of rock, from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet high, and weathered into every conceivable shape. In every cranny grows a shrub, and from every crevice springs a spruce tree. Just now it is especially beautiful, for autumn tints begin to appear, and the yellow leaves of the cottonwood combine with the red foliage of the oak brush to light up the gloomy recesses.

It is delightful to live here. There has been no hot weather this summer, and now we have a fire morning and evening. Snow has fallen on a mountain visible from our door and only three miles away. We expect it in camp before next month is over.

The ranchers have threshed their oats, baled their hay, dug their potatoes, cached their cabbage, and are ready for winter. All cultivation is carried on by means of irrigation. Quite a number of people "run" cattle in addition to ranching. Their motto is "rustic" for yourself. No one is "out here for his health," and every one intends to "get there, Eh." The worst offense that one can commit is to "go broke," and yet people are always ready to "whack up" with an unfortunate man. Of course, there is more or less drinking and gambling along with kindred vices, but quiet people go about their business in perfect safety, and do not think it necessary to carry a six-shooter for self-defense.

Young ladies are at a premium. I know of none unmarried, and there are plenty of old bachelors yet on hand. One pretty girl of my acquaintance required only a month to secure a good ranch, a two-story log house, a fine start of cattle and horses, together with the usual encumbrance, a man. However, even he was a good bargain, for he is solid, industrious, and very devoted to his wife.

Women hold a queer position in this Western life. A lady may travel alone with perfect safety on one of our stage coaches, although the driver may lay in a supply of "nerve food" at every stopping place. The roughest man on the grade will answer a woman's appeal for protection with inborn gentlemanliness, and perhaps afterward pass a coarse remark upon her if he happens to hear her laugh above her breath.

Outside of laundry work and house work, there is but little for women to do. A few ladies keep boarders and some others take in sewing. Once in a while, there is a lady teacher, but not often, for the country is too new to support many schools. I know one lady who runs a ranch successfully, and have heard of another who manages a large herd of cattle. The finest hotel in Aspen has virtually been built by the proprietor's wife, and several boarding-houses at Glenwood Springs bring in their mistress a fine income.

Society is heterogenous, to say the least. One meets the educated Eastern lady, the good, plain ranchman's wife, the common adventuress, the Colorado reared girl, the foreign-born madames of all degrees of refinement, and every one of them is cordial and friendly. You will find them all pleasant people, for this shifting Western life tends to make one think but of conventionalities and much of genuine kindness.

Indeed, after living this breezy life out here, no one can ever be again contented in the East. Many go back to their old homes, but they invariably return full of enthusiasm for the Centennial state.

As for us, we never expect to live in the East again. Colorado is too congenial.—LOUISE DOUGLASS.

We shall be glad to have our correspondent give her views to the HOUSEHOLD upon matters spoken of in her pleasant private letter to the editor.—ED.

BUSINESS AVENUES FOR GIRLS.—There are no obstacles in the path of progress so great, but they may be, by perseverance, overcome or removed. *Labor omnia vincit* should be the watch-word of every child, and will be if it has been taught to have an object before the mental vision of sufficient magnitude to entrance the soul. There are avenues opening up everywhere in this world of progress—avenues that lead to a competence if not to independence if rigidly adhered to and habits of economy are practiced. But there must be something to give impetus to the race or the danger is, of being led astray by some *ignis-fatuis* into a tainty visible path where ease and wealth are the attractive features.

It is generally admitted that there are business opportunities opening up for boys, but what is to become of our girls? Many of these occupations girls are physically unfitted for, while others, natural refinement would cause them to shrink from that which was gross or too conspicuous. It is not to those of unlimited means that we would say teach your daughter some kind of business. It is the class who are compelled to work, and especially the country people, where there are fewer openings for money making, but in this age, when the world plays at "see-saw"—when to-day the rich are above need, and to-morrow they are down, while some one else has gone up at the other end of the plank, who is altogether secure? It is of far greater importance that your daughter should have a well-balanced business capacity and willing hands than many hundreds in the bank, especially if the cashier is at all covetously inclined. There is but little security in wealth and position, but it is not infinitely better than poverty to be trained for any and every emergency?

Here is a little girl who chases the butterflies, tries to peep into the tiny hills of the ants and watch them in their rounds of ceaseless toils. She tries to find the humming bird's nest where the flower-beaus encircle the trellis-work along the shaded garden walls. She studies the architecture of every bird's home, from the humble grass lined sticks of the turtle-dove to the oriole's nest upon the swinging bough. Here is a naturalist—one who loves and observes nature! Must this faculty that God has given lie dormant, or run wild like an uncultured garden? Give the child something practical to help develop the unexpended intellect—something that will stimulate habits of industry, and that is nothing that will do this so well as the prospect of a little income which will be the child's individual possession For instance, give her a colony of bees (there are other industries that may be mentioned, but at present we will take up this) If you are too poor to buy one, let her go and work for some bee master, spinster or widow, and what is earned in a neat hive so that the honey will be marketable. You cannot spare the child from home at night? Well, if the mother yearning can not do this (and I do not condemn the tenderness) then try some other way. We have known little girls to earn enough by gathering mandrake and blackberry and cherries, to buy several colonies of bees. But do not, in this case, use the money for household necessities, just because they are needed so badly, if you do not wish to cause disappointment. An author of considerable distinction to-day, it is said, gathered blackberries to raise money to buy stamps to send off her first manuscript to the publishers.

The beginning of every thing is small, but for the industrious and persevering there are few things that may not be accomplished. But when your child has patiently tended and watched the garnering of the precious stores of honey, imbibing the industry of the busy workers, while counting on the real revenue, do not say "It is so nice we must eat it." That would be wrong and dash down every bright anticipation. You would have done without had it not been for this noble enterprise. At least use some forethought, and make arrangements to pay the market value to the aspiring young spinster. I am not in promises, for this will again discourage. Give suitable advice, if you are capable, about investing the money thus procured, but do not set down any Mede and Persian laws that dare not be broken. The greater part, perhaps all, should be used to send little Miss Bee to school and when she has worked all summer and am 75 years old. You may sook the bark and drink it if you prefer. Don't use it enough to cause constipation. You can judge when enough. Try it and report.—HENRY PROSSER.

"Mrs. H. A. Turner," to fasten the rubber on the shaft of your wringer, take the shaft out of the rubber, and wrap it (the shaft) with coarse wrapping twine, in such a way that the coil of the twine will be like the threads of a screw, drawing tight and close, then cover with white lead, well rubbed in, and screw the shaft into the rubber. It should be done so as to expand the rubber a little. It should not be used until thoroughly dry—say six or eight weeks. I had mine fixed that way a year ago, and it has worked well, and is solid to-day. Be sure and let rest long enough to set and become cemented before using it.—ELIZABETH WEST. Antioch, O.

RECIPES.

A Very Good Cheap Pie.—1 cupful of sugar; 1 cupful of sorghum molasses; 1 cupful of vinegar; 1 cupful of sifted flour; 3 cupfuls of boiling water; 1 tablespoonful of lemon extract; 1 tablespoonful of nutmeg. Stir flour, sugar and molasses together till the flour is well mixed, then add water and butter and vinegar. Cook on the stove till like jelly; roll out crust and fill. Will make four pies. Put in the flavoring last.—E. A. M.

Fruit Cake.—1 cupful of butter; 1 cupful of sweet milk; 1 cupful of molasses; 4 cupfuls of flour; 5 eggs; 3 cupfuls of sugar; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; ½ teaspoonful of salt; ½ teaspoonful of black pepper; 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, cloves, mace, each; ½ teaspoonful of allspice; 1 lb. of raisons, stoned; 2 lbs. of currents; 1 lb. of almonds blanched and chopped; 2 ozs of citron.—C. V. B.

Salt Rising Bread.—Scald ½ cupful of sweet milk without boiling heat, stir in enough cornmeal to make thick batter, set away until morning, then take ½ pint of warm water, a pinch of salt, ½ teaspoonful of sugar, stir in the cornmeal and thicken with flour about like cake batter, set in a warm place to raise; when light take a pan of flour, make a hole in the middle and wet with warm water a small quantity of the flour; stir in your yeast, cover with flour; in an hour or two it will be ready to make into loaves; keep warm until light; bake in a quick oven. If the lady who is troubled getting her bread to raise will try this I think she will have no more trouble that way.—ANNA.

To Heal Cracked Kettles and Iron Ware.—Make a paste of slacked lime and white of an egg, then add fine blacksmith filings; mix well together and apply immediately.—W. H. D.

To Remove Blood Stains.—Blood stains can be removed from an article that you do not care to wash by applying a thick paste made of starch and cold water. Place in the sun and rub off in a couple of hours. If the stain is not entirely removed repeat the process, and soon it disappears.—EX.

Apple Dowdy.—Butter a deep pan, and line the bottom and sides with thin slices of sponge-cake, fill up with sliced apples, grate over them nutmeg, mix ½ a cupful of water and ½ a cupful of molasses together and pour over the apples; sprinkle on top ½ a cupful of brown sugar, and lay on slices of the stale cake. Put a tin plate over the pan and bake in a moderate oven two hours. When done, loosen and turn out on a dish. Serve hot, with sugar, cream and nutmeg.—MRS. C. M. LADD, Pittsfield, Mass.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

MERRICK, NEB.	R E McGonegal
Mina Arronts	John Douglass
Sakie Arronts	CENTRAL CITY, NEB.
Rosa Gurney	E W Horst
Flora Gurney	SHELL ROCK, IA.
Allison Gurney	Florence Fairbank
R H Von Leer	

Names this week, 20. Total, 20,571.

The above embraces all names received up to October 6.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

BY NANCY NELSON PENDLETON.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a good worker is he.

In days that are sunny,
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy,
He's hoarding his wax;
On pinks and on lillies,
And Columbine blossoms
He levies a tax.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover
He humming hums over;
Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy,
From the thistle and daisy
And weeds of the meadow
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
From the morning's first gray light
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A DISGRACED PUMPKIN.

BY MRS. O. W SCOTT.

"Just a little farther, Rose, and we'll be out of this hot sunshine. You remember the cold spring? Well, last fall father had the underbrush cleared away all through there, and now is the prettiest place. Afraid to climb the fence? See me!" and Janet Prescott, a strong, energetic girl of fifteen, stepped nimbly from rail to rail, balanced herself fearlessly upon the topmost one, and jumped to the opposite side.

"Oh, yes, you can jump; but if you know—how my heart—" and poor Rose clung despairingly to the fence.

"Give me your hands, you poor little city sparrow," cried Janet, and with one vigorous movement, she brought Rose from her perch,

"If you weren't my aunt I'd scold you," said Rose, shaking out her dainty dress and settling her sun-hat.

"No use," laughed black-eyed Janet. "I'm almost two years older, and being your aunt, it is my duty to see that you grow up without any foolish notions. You must be brave, and learn to climb fences, and kill spiders without squirming; and not be scared when it thunders. It's a pity you didn't come in haying time to help kill those snakes in the south field," and Janet turned mischievously, to meet her companion's wide open eyes.

"Did you truly kill snakes? Well, maybe I am a coward, but we don't have such things to do in the city."

Janet laughed. She felt satisfied with her own strength, and courage, and ability "to bring things to pass," and professed scorn for "city ways," even while she secretly admired the delicacy and stylish attire of her "twin niece," as she called Rose. But they had now reached the "cool spring," and sinking upon the grass the magazine and basket of harvest apples which she carried, Janet reached for the tin cup which hung upon a convenient branch near by, and dipped once and again from the clear sparkling waters.

"Almost like ice-water, isn't it? What can make it so cold? I fancy there's an ice cave up there in the hill," and Rose looked longingly toward the high pasture where her grandfather's sheep were peacefully nibbling.

"I wish you'd find it, then. It would be a splendid place to store butter," said practical Janet. "Right around this hill is my 'Retreat,' so now forward march."

Following a narrow path the girls turned a sharp curve, bringing them to a little nook somewhat higher than the spring, beautifully shaded by four large trees under which was a big flat rock. Off at the left were fields of waving grain, where the men were at work; the sound of their voices and the click of machinery mingling faintly with the merry chirp of crickets and the dreamy humming and buzzing of summer insects.

"It is lovely. I don't wonder you like it," cried Rose.

"I thought you'd say so. It was waste land until last fall. Then my father had the old rubbish cleared out and burned, and let in the sunshine, and now is the prettiest corner on the farm. Now I hear you see anything left of the swamp down there. Father will have the alders cut away, and make it as smooth as a floor. It pays to redeem land, I think," and Janet, looking upon the damp, shaded swamp below, saw it, in imagination, clothed with beauty, adding another attractive feature to the scenery surrounding the "Retreat."

"But look, Rose! there is a great pumpkin lying there under those bushes," she continued. "How in the world did it get there?"

"Maybe a cow carried it down, suggested Rose.

"A cow! our cows have been in the upper pasture for weeks; and besides, our dooryard pumpkins don't walk around the farm hiding vegetables. They eat 'em. No, that has been brought from my father's cornfield by somebody. Perhaps a poor, hungry tramp," and Janet glanced wickedly at Rose, who drew nearer and clasped her hand.

"I think it must be a runaway pumpkin, or an enchanted pumpkin, waiting for a fairy grandmother to turn it into a coach," said Rose.

"This is just the places for brownies and fairies."

"Well, I will hit it with a stone, and break the spell. Here goes!" The stone flew from Janet's hand and struck the pumpkin, which, as if responding to a forcible Open Sesame, dropped apart exactly through the middle. The girls looked at each other in surprise.

"It has been hollowed out, I think," said Rose, "like the one 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,' put his wife in."

"More likely some boy wanted it for a jack o'lantern. But I'm going down to see for myself," and Janet scrambled over the stony bank, with the help of stout shrubs, and in a moment reached the alders. The pumpkin had indeed been excavated, and there in the hollow center of the lower half was a large black bottle! Janet removed the cork and gave one disgusted sniff.

"Faugh! it is a whisky bottle, Rose." An instant later she waved her hand tragically. "I know now! here's a path leading up through the oats. That miserable cheat of an Osborne has been drinking again, and here's where he hides his rum. So you see this is a disgraced pumpkin and ought to be raided.

"I should say the pumpkin was innocent, but possesses by evil spirits," said Rose. "Shall we break the bottle and expel the demons?"

"No, father must see the whole contrivance, but I'll pour out the whisky, or whatever it maybe."

"I hope it won't kill any unlucky frogs," said Rose, and then as the poisonous liquid gurgled through the long, black neck of the bottle, she added soberly, "Now I wish you could dispose of all there is in the country you evil like that. Think of a man drinking such stuff when the cold spring is so near.

A long slender stick was run through the novel "saloon," and bearing it between them the girls climbed the bank, and returned to their cool retreat under the trees, where they had planned to eat their juicy harvest apples. But the sky did not look quite so blue, the wild birds' twitterings were not quite so sweet, the day not so perfect as before they discovered that concealed enemy. Janet sat upon the rock with folded arms and hat pushed back from her glowing face.

"Father will discharge Osborne right straight this time," said she, excitedly. "He's an old soldier, and so father's tried to keep him when other folks wouldn't give him carpenter's work to do. And he promised he wouldn't drink another drop this summer. He broke his pledge on the Fourth, but mother begged to have him kept for the sake of his family. But now he will have to march. Wasn't it mean to hide his bottle and sneak down here for a drink?"

"I don't see why he took the pumpkin. He could have hidden it among the alders," said Rose.

"Sure enough! But I suppose he was afraid some other toper might be around, and if any of the men had seen the pumpkin they would have supposed some one had stolen it and dropped it here. Father had some carried off last year by the village boys. Osborne never thought that the temperance police would be after him in the shape of two girls."

Farmer Prescott sat in his large arm-chair, under his vine-shaded porch, taking his usual "after supper rest," and watching the sunset clouds "marching and counter-marching," with gorgeous banners flying, above the western hills, when the "police" appeared and laid their spoils at his feet. Janet, with characteristic energy, told her story; and her father shook his gray head, and smote the broad arm of his chair, as he realized how he had been deceived.

"Wal, wal, wal!" his voice rising threateningly, "so he stole a pumpkin to hide his pison in, did he? I'll learn him a lesson. Yes, I will," and with unusual speed he strode through the wide, old-fashioned hall, to the back porch, where the men were.

Mr. Osborne was older than the others; and, in spite of dissipation, still retained his soldierly bearing. Rose noticed this fact and also the Grand Army badge fastened upon his breast. All her admiration for heroes, as well as her peace-making instinct was aroused; and as she and Janet paused in the doorway, she whispered timidly, "Please don't, grandpa."

But Mr. Prescott was already shaking the tell-tale bottle in front of the man, whose face grew crimson as he recognized it.

"Where's yer pledge, John Osborne? Thought ye could play the hypocrite didn't ye, hidin' yer nasty rum in one o' my innercent pumpkins? D'ye think I've fit rum for 40 years to be bamfoozled like this? I've stood by ye fer the sake of the fam'ly all summer, but now I'm done. I give ye fair warnin'—you ken leave my sarvice when yer week's up.

Poor Mr. Osborne tried to reply, choked, dropped his head, and turned abruptly away.

"He'se been worryin' over his pension, deacon; there's some hitch about it, an John's been blue for a week," said one of the men, as they took their big tin pails from a shelf by the door and started down the lane where the cows were already gathered.

"Spend it all fer drink if he got it, so what's the use?" muttered the old farmer, as he returned to his easy chair. Mrs. Prescott and Janet knew better than to interrupt his present mood, but Rose, who had never before seen her dearly beloved grandparent so excited, hastened to his side.

"Grandpa, I know he's sorry. Please try him once more," said she pleadingly.

"He's a poor, mis'able wreck. He ain't wuth savin'," said he, rather annoyed by this small peace commission.

"Now, grandpa, you know how it looked around the cold spring last year, and just think! You thought that land was worth saving, and worked on it till it looks like another place. Let's try to save Mr. Osborne. Let me tell him he may stay just one more week on trial."

Mr. Prescot being a christian, and a tender-hearted man as well, coughed uneasily, and declared "he'd gone agin natur an' grace."

"Do you remember that verse you read at prayers this morning? 'In wrath remember mercy'?" continued Rose, shyly, twisting her fingers nervously, as Janet approached.

"Father has been merciful," interrupted that young lady. "He has been good long enough, I think."

"Wal, wal! if the child wants to try her luck, why let her do it. She'll find she's got a big contract on hand, though," said her father, rather glad of an interruption, although troubled by the text of Scripture; although, to tell the truth, he was sorely perplexed as to the exact proportions of "wrath and mercy" when the mixture was prepared for an intemperate man.

"Then I may try—you said so, didn't you, grandpa," pleaded Rose.

"I didn't exactly say so, but—wal, if you've got a call in that direction I shan't stand in your way," in a very gruff voice, but nevertheless Rose went slowly toward the apple-tree, under which Mr. Osborne had thrown himself.

"Did you ever see anything like that," said Janet, half angrily. "Rose hasn't the courage of a mouse about some things, and there she goes, all alone, to give that man a temperance lecture. You couldn't pay me to do it. I just think he ought to go to jail."

Her father laughed.

"Hear that, mother," said he to his placid faced wife. "It's the law and the gospel when Janet and Rosy get together—the law and the gospil."

The glories of the sunset had faded into a tender, purplish gray, the men had come with their pails of milk, and the cool breeze was beginning to stir the tasseled rows of Indian corn on either side of the farmhouse, when Rose came back through the dewy grass to the little group on the porch.

"You don't know how bad he feels," said she eagerly. "He says he's been all discouraged lately, and got in debt when his baby died, and a soldier friend gave him that liquor, and he feels so sorry; and he promised, if God would help him, he would try again to leave off drinking forever. And, grandpa, he says you're the best friend he has in the world, and he thinks you're so kind to give him one more chance."

"Her earnest words had touched their hearts; but "grandpa" only coughed and "ahemed" in a skeptical fashion, and told him it "was time little girls was abed."

"What shall we do with our pumpkin? And where is the other half?" asked Janet, finding only one portion upon the floor of the spring.

A little search, and the girls discovered it under the shadow of the porch in a quiet corner, sheltering a speckled hen and her brood of late chicks! The laughter which followed this discovery drew the attention of the old people.

"Wal wal!" said Mr. Prescott. "I wish't every drop in the broad airth could be emptied and get a respectable family into it as quick as this one has."

A year has passed, and Rose rejoices to day that her "grand army soldier," as she calls him, has been true to his pledge. His pension has been secured, thus removing the temptations of poverty and discouragement. Janet even adopts Prescott admits that in this special case it was well to "remember mercy."—*The Young Crusader.*

WHERF DIAMONDS ARE POLISHED.

One of the great industries of Amsterdam is the cutting and polishing of diamonds; and nearly all the finest diamonds in the world are brought here to be cut into shape. We will make a visit to one of the principal diamond establishments, and when we get there I think we shall be surprised to find a great factory, four or five stories high, a steam-engine in the basement, and fly-wheels, and leathern bands, and all sorts of whirling machinery in the different stories. On the very top floor the diamonds are finished and polished, and here we see skillful workmen sitting before rapidly revolving disks of steel, against which the diamonds are pressed and polished. It requires great skill, time, and patience to bring them to the form of brilliants, and into that shape in which it will best shine, sparkle, and show its purity. Nearly half the diamonds produced in the world, the best of which come from Brazil, are sent to this factory to be cut and polished. Here the great Koh-i-noor was cut, and we are shown models of that and of other famous diamonds that were cut in these rooms.—*St. Nicholas for October.*

OUR LEGION CORNER.

As an invitation has been extended to the members of the B. T. L. for letters I concluded to write a brief one. I have always been a Prohibitionist since I was old enough to vote, but I became a member of the B. T. L. in November 1885.

I want to like to ask all the members of the B. T. L. in Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon and Texas whether they are prohibitionists or not, if it increases taxes or not, if it injures business or not?

The boys in Tennessee are very particular about signing away the rights, but I tell them I get drunk when ever I want to, but I never want to. I had rather be a slave to a pledge if you call it slave than to be a slave to rum. I will write more next time. I am 15 years old.—HORACE CHESLEY MILLER, Russellville, Tennessee.

A mistake was made in the address of the young member of the BLADE Legion who wrote a pleasant letter to the corner two or three weeks ago. Corrected it is Albert L. Seals, McEwen, Humphrey county, Tenn. Box 26. The Legion will be glad to hear from more of its members.

Our Leisure Class.

First Child—What makes your papa go off so early in the morning?

Second Child—He works for a living.

"What does he work for?"

"Cause he has to. Don't yours?"

"No."

"Is he rich?"

"No. He's a politician."

The Sunday School

Three Miracles.

LESSON 4—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1887.

Golden Text—According to your faith be it unto you.—Matt. 9: 29.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 9: 18-31.)

18. While he spake these things unto them, behold, there came a certain ruler, and worshipped him, saying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upod her, and she shall live.

19. And Jesus arose, and followed him, and so did his disciples.

20. And, behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment:

21. For she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment I shall be whole.

22. But Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour.

23. And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise,

24. He said unto them, Give place: for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn.

25. But when the people were put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid arose.

26. And the fame hereof went abroad into all that land.

27. And when Jesus departed thence, two blind followed him, crying, and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us.

28. And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him: and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord.

29. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you.

30. And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straightly charged them, saying, See that no man know it.

31. But they, when they were departed, spread abroad his fame in all that country.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There came a ruler, and worshipped him, saying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live (v. 18). Synagogue rulers gave little help to Jesus in his work; but one of them, at least, was ready to turn to Jesus in personal need, as he saw how much Jesus was doing for others afflicted like himself. How a sense of personal need does change one's view of a man of God! It is very easy to sneer at the fanaticism of one who is in dead-earnest in his zeal for souls, so long as we are in full strength, and can take care of ourselves and of our loved ones. But when we, or those dear to us, must face death, then we turn to those who seem nearest to God, with the feeling that they above all others can give us help. It

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

G. J. N., Illinois: For the swelling on your horse's withers apply this: Acetic acid, 2 ounces; ether, 1 ounce; distilled water, 17 ounces. Mix. One or two folds of linen are to be spread over the inflamed parts, and kept constantly wetted with the lotion. This should be kept on for at least 48 hours. If at the end of this time there is evidence that the inflammation is growing less, continue the lotion until all the heat has left the shoulder, then apply a mild cantharides blister. When you begin with the cooling lotion given above, the animal should be given a cathartic, as, raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, 1 ounce. If you find that the heat continues, and the parts are tender, and it seems by the fluctuating feel that pus is formed, the part affected should be freely opened by making an incision low down, in order to let the pus escape. Once or twice a day a solution of 2 drs. of zinc to a quart of water should be injected into the opening. If the swelling has no fever in it, the cooling lotion and cathartic will bring him around all right. Examine the fore part of your saddle, if you use one, to see if it fits properly; also look carefully into the cause of the swelling. Such swellings as you name, generally result from saddle chafing, the horse striking against some object, or a blow.

JOHN RENO, Michigan.—The Black Hawk and Morgan stock will always stand high up among breeds of horses.

Mrs. W. M. M., Chetopa, Kan., asks: "Do blind or wolf teeth affect a horse's eyes when they are old?" Wolf teeth have no influence whatever on the eye. We know it is the belief of many people that wolf teeth injure the eye, and even cause blindness, but any intelligent veterinary will tell you that it is a popular error that wolf teeth affect the eye. Wolf teeth appear from the first to the fifth year. They are in first dentition. In second dentition a small tooth survives frequently, and is given the name of Wolf tooth. Many people are clamorous to have this tooth removed. This is one of the easiest things possible. Simply take a small pair of forceps and pull the tooth out. The tooth should always be looked after. If, when the permanent teeth begin to push the milk teeth out, any of them show resistance sufficient to turn any of the permanent teeth out of a direct line, they should be removed. If you have an old horse whose eyes are affected, the trouble should not be attributed to wolf teeth. And wish in this connection to say that many old horses who suffer from indigestion with at times resultant weak eyes, have either worn or sharp-edged teeth that prevent them from masticating their food, thus preventing proper digestion. Old horses get decayed teeth, and suffer from attacks of toothache the same as human beings. The teeth of old horses should be examined often.

CARRIE, E. W., Colorado: Your horse we think has an attack of rheumatism. Take a bucket or tub, half fill it with pretty hot water in which there is a little mustered. Place one of his feet in this, let it remain until the temperature of the water begins to lower. Then lift the foot, wipe it quickly and wrap flannel rags from fetlock up a short distance. Proceed in the same manner with each leg affected in the same manner as described. Blanket the horse well and keep him in a stall where there is no draft of air on him. Then give twice a day the following, mixed in a pint of water as a drench: Salicylic acid and bicarbonate of soda, of each 1 ounce. Give for two or three days. Or that which would be more convenient for you to use would be: Powdered calchicum, half an ounce; nitrate of potash, 1 ounce; gentitian, half an ounce. Make into eight powders, and feed two a day for four days. This is for a slight attack of rheumatism. When the affliction is chronic, other medicine would be indicated.

R. P. GRACE, Mon. Ter., asks: "Can some reader of the BLADE FARM tell if burning a horse's hoof, instead of paring it to put on a shoe, injures the hoof? If so, please inform me."—[With regard to the hot and cold fitting of shoes to horses' feet, the weight of authority is about the same. Those who advocate cold fitting or shoeing assert that they can fit a shoe with rasp and file as evenly as it is required. They say that reason and enalogy are in opposition to burning a horny surface, and that it hone, combs the wall of the foot and prevents its healthy growth. The advocates of hot fitting declare that but few men level a foot, or so hammer and file the shoe that the it shall be what is required, and that only by burning can the connection between the steel and hoof be made sufficiently close and solid. It is only when the sole is excessively mutilated that the farrier should avoid the hot process of shoeing, they say. The ill effects of shoeing are seen in the fashion of paring the lower face of the foot. The advocates of the hot process say that the chief objections to cold shoeing are the want of solidity; the foot being made to fit the shoe, and the process being more difficult and expensive. In hot fitting the shoe is rapidly adapted to the foot, resting solidly and equally on the hoof. The charred hoof, so to speak, destroys the spongy, absorbient properties of the horn, and renders it eminently calculated to withstand the influence of moisture. Horn is a slow conductor of heat, and it takes a lengthy application of a hot shoe to affect the hoof to any considerable depth. It is never necessary to apply the shoe more than a few seconds. The shoe should be fitted at red heat—never at a black heat. It is said that it takes about three minutes' application of a hot shoe to the lower face of the sole to cause an increase in the temperature of the foot on its upper surface.

OPHTHALMIA.—S. Gray, Kansas, says: "I have had several horses with bad eyes. I think it is what the books call periodic ophthalmia. Some of my neighbors say it is too much corn; others say is the stable. My stable is a shed stable. The horses stand with their heads to the main building. There is no light in front, but there are windows 20x24 inches behind each horse. There are other openings that let light and air in. Some say if I change my stable and stand their heads to the windows their eyes will not be affected. It will be some trouble and expense to change the stable, and it will not be so convenient. Will you please tell me what you think about it? Is it the corn or stable? I hope you will not treat this as a frivolous question, as it is of considerable importance to myself as well as several of my neighbors." It would be an impossibility to give a correct judgment as to whether your stable is properly constructed, from the brief description you give. So far as light is concerned, it should come from above and behind the horses. To look up by a window with the light upon the horse's eyes is injurious. The windows of your shed are small, but with other sources of light, which you say are in the shed, we think opthalmia should not result, if all other arrangements and conditions are good. Of course this is on the supposition that the passage way between the windows and stalls is not so great as to prevent the light from penetrating to the stalls. It may be proper here to say that there are certain things that cause opthalmia, some of which we name. A fruitful source of this disease is the ammonia that arises from the urine in the stall. The stall should be kept scrupulously clean, and the ventilation good. Hard work in a small stall or keeping a horse in a dark stall and suddenly taking him into the light will cause it; also a direct draft of air on the horse, giving him a cold or rheumatism. It is, likewise, a hereditary disease, and transmissable from either parent to the offspring. This is specific opthalmia. Simple opthalmia is caused by hay or other seeds getting in the eye. It also results from blows, or ashes, cinders, etc., getting in the eye. For the latter remove the seed, or whatever is in the eye to irritate. Then take of the powdered physic of Barbadoes aloes, 5 drachms, and ginger and gentian root, each 1 drachm, made into a ball. Bathe the eye with cold water, and syringe with this wash: Laudanum, 6 drachms; rain water, 1 pint. Shake well before using. Give internally 1 drachm of powdered calchicum morning and evening for a week in a bran mash. Give no grain, and avoid corn especially. For specific (periodic) opthalima, give a physic, as recommended in simple opthalima, and treat the eye with the cold water bath and injection of opium. Give bran mashes, and when the bowels are open, give one of the following powders on the tongue night and morning for a week: Pulverized colchicum, one and a half ounces; salpetre, two ounces. Divide into twelve powders. The eye should be covered with a small apron to exclude the light. If the animal is plethoric, he should be bled; if not plethoric, he should not be bled. Perhaps you have been feeding too much corn. Green food and roots should be given most of the time for a few weeks. Corn should be entirely discarded while the horse is under treatment. The mangers should not be so high that the horse must reach up to get the hay. If your shed has not sufficient ventilation, an air-box eight inches square may be run the entire length of the shed, each end being open to the air, but protected by a screen of slats or wire. This box may be about even with the nostrils of the animal, and openings an inch square made in it, in each stall. If the windows in the shed are properly placed behind each horse, we see no necessity for changing the shed. The light is all right behind the animals, if it penetrates the stalls.

Farm Notes.

An Indiana farmer says that last year he made 146 pounds of pork from the skimmed milk of each of his dairy cows.

Cows at pasture after the first severe frost want something more than the camaged grass. Grain will come in play as well as in midwinter.

It is never too late to plant trees while they may be lifted in autumn without danger of the roots freezing before they are again imbedded in suitable earth.

For the present all Nova Scotia cattle are ordered to be quarantined because of infectious disease which now exists among cattle, horses and sheep in that country.

Sunflowers are used for fuel in Wyoming Territory. The stalks, when dry, are as hard as maple wood and make a hot fire, and the heads burn better than hard coal.

In fall sowing of grass seed it is important that the work be done early enough to provide for such growth as will give strength to carry the plants through winter.

Young turkeys will grace a Christmas dinner more satisfactorily if amply fed during the three preceding months than if pinched two of those months and stuffed the third.

Farmers' Institutes are useful almost exactly in the degree that farmers and their families manifest interest. The best speeches and the best papers will be wasted if not applied.

Burn all burdock that have gone to seed on the farm and roadsides, and next year there will be few new ones; then gather and burn next year all that start, for this will make an end of them.

Calves lacking thrift in September and October, if not well fed, may as well be knocked in the head, for they will give no profit if they do not go into Winter strong and vigorous to meet its hardships.

A farmer in Huntingdon county, Penn., whose two cows were failing in their milk, discovered that two immense black snakes were in the habit of daily gorging themselves with milk from the animals.

The statistical report of the department of agriculture for September presents a heavy reduction in the condition of cotton, corn and potatos, with little change in the status of wheat and other small grains.

Paint put on the outside of buildings in autumn, after cold nights have driven insects to winter quarters, will last better than if spread when more rapid drying occurs, and will present also smother surface when dried.

If the earth turns up lumpy after the plow, roll and harrow it reasonably fine at once, without waiting for rain A light shower, which would not moisten hard lumps, will render small ones fit to molder fine as ashes.

It seems to be a fact that fertility of land may be drawn out in milk production as surely, and almost as rapidly, as by grain crops, assuming that care is not employed to make the most of resources available for its maintenance.

There are no words in the Japanese language for beef, butter and cheese, except those recently framed from the English for convenience sake, and in use only at the treaty port. These words are not known or used in the interior of the country.

As milk is an animal secretion manufactured by the cow, it must be evident that anything which worries, frets or torments the cow, or renders her uneasy or uncomfortable, will certainly lessen the quantity and affect the composition of her milk.

The theory that lime beans will germinate if placed in the ground edgewise is refuted by Prof. Halstead, who has conducted a series of experiments in order to determine the claim He is of the opinion that the seeds should be laid flat on their sides.

Fertile soil is essential to successful farming, but not less important is moisture in all seasons of crop growth, and there are few situations where the supply is adequate without artificial provision; hence, the requirement that some kind of irrigation be planned to meet the need.

Variety of livestock on a farm, quite as much as variety of cropping, is a source of wealth accumulation in the holding. With variety greater numbers can be kept, and the best use can be made of all food by giving the quality suitable to each description of animal.

If farmers could be persuaded to report all useful lessons of their experience, there would soon be great gain in practical knowledge. They may report to their neighbors, but that is not enough. They should be to agricultural papers, for the instruction of all farmers, whenever they have useful lessons to communicate.

A recent observer of sunflowers attributes their antimalarial action to their absorption of water from the soil, as well as to their accredited properties of absorbing malarial germs, and emitting much oxygen. During June, 1885, a quarter of an acre of sunflower exhaled in the form of vapor an average of 65 gallons of water a day.

Prof. E. W. Stewart says that one ounce or less of oil meal to a gallon of warm, sweet whey will make it nearly equal in feeding value to whole milk for raising a calf to three weeks old, and after that another quarter of an ounce may be safely added. The oil meal should be dissolved in hot whey before mixing with that of the right temperature to feed.

Even the most enlightened Mexican farmers still persist in using oxen of one color in the morning and oxen of another color in the afternoon. They don't know why they do this, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefather did it. Farm laborers are paid eighteen cents a day, and are always paid on Sunday.

A poultry house 17x13 feet will accommodate 40 hens in the winter, and twenty pounds of coal per day at a cost of less than five cents will keep the temperature at about 40 degrees. With this sort of a hen-house you may look for eggs in the coldest months, and the combs will never be frosted.

Red clover and orchard grass are reported by Prof. Shelton as having come through the drouth on Kansas prairies finely, the latter especially showing a vivid green and a wealth of rowen. Kentucky blue grass seems to have suffered more seriously than any other tame grass, and especially where it was manured in the spring.

THE CROPS.

The Farmers' Review for the Past Seven Days, and Future Prospects.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—The *Farmers' Review* crop summary is as follows: Scarcity of pasture and the shortage of hay crop, owing to continued drouth during summer months, have led this year to the cutting of a larger amount of corn fodder throughout the West than ever before by farmers who have stock to winter. Reports of our correspondents this week give some interesting dates relative to the amount cut in different states. Reports which have reached us regarding the acreage of lands now being seeded to winter wheat indicate a slight falling off as compared with the acreage seeded last year.

Illinois's twenty counties report estimated yield of corn 18 4-5 bushels per acre; average seeded to winter wheat compared with last year, 103. Percentage of corn fodder cut this year, 36 per cent. in twelve counties; average yield of potatoes, 130 bushels in seventeen counties; old corn on hand, 62 3 per cent in nineteen counties.

Indiana—Seven counties estimated yield of corn at 19 4-5 bushels; winter wheat average 100 per cent.; corn fodder cut, 54 per cent.; yield of potatoes, 233½ bushels; on corn on hand, 6 per cent.

Michigan—Seven counties estimate the yield of corn at 34 bushels; winter wheat acreage, 97½ per cent.; corn fodder cut, 88 per cent.; yield of potatoes, 41½ bushels; old corn on hand, 5½ per cent.

Wisconsin—Twelve counties estimate the yield of corn at 30½ bushels; winter wheat acreage, 90 per cent.; corn fodder cut, 89 per cent.; yield of potatoes, 54 bushels; old corn on hand, 2 per cent.

Ohio—Twelve counties estimate the yield of corn at 33¾ bushels; winter wheat acreage, 86 per cent.; corn fodder cut, 88¾ per cent.; yield of potatoes, 26 7-10 bushels; old corn on hand, 6½ per cent.

Missouri—Eight counties estimate yield of corn at 26½ bushels; corn fodder cut 36 per cent. in five counties; yield of potatoes in seven counties, 83 bushels; old corn on hand 3 per cent.

Iowa—Twenty counties estimate yield of corn at 27 4-5 bushels; winter wheat average in seven counties 104 per cent.; corn fodder cut 49 per cent. in thirteen counties; yield of potatoes, 85 bushels; old corn 2 1-6 per cent.

Kansas—Fifteen counties estimate yield of corn at 19 3-5 bushels; winter wheat average 102½ per cent. in eight counties; corn fodder cut 58 per cent.; yield of potatoes, 59 bushels; old corn on hand 7 per cent.

Minnesota—Eleven counties estimate yield of corn at 33 bushels; corn fodder cut in seven counties, 64 per cent.; yield of potatoes, 66 bushels; old corn on hand, 4 per cent.

Nebraska—Eight counties estimate yield of corn at 27 bushels; corn fodder cut in five counties, 28 per cent; yield of potatoes, 62 bushels; corn on hand, 4 per cent.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S LAST SERMON.

The Churches Must Stop Bombarding the Old Ironclad Sinners — Northern Nations are Devastated by Alcoholism.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 9.—The audiences at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this autumn are larger than at any time during the history of this church, and greater numbers go away not able to get in.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., read and explained passages of scripture coming the dawn of universal righteousness. The subject of his sermon was "Unoccupied Fields," and the text from Romans xv, 20: "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation." Dr. Talmage said:

Stirring reports come from all parts of America showing what a great work the churches of God are doing, and I congratulate them and their pastors. Misapprehensions have been going the rounds saying that the outside benevolences of this particular church are neglected, when the fact is that large sums of money are being raised in various ways by this church for all styles of good objects, not always through the boards of our own denomination. This church was built by all denominations of Christians and by many sections of this land and other lands, and that obligation has led us to raise money for many objects not connected with our denomination, and this accounts for the fact that we have not regularly contributed to all the boards commended. But I rejoice in that you have done as a church a magnificent work, and am grateful that we have received during the year by the confession of faith in Christ 725 souls, which fact I mention not in boasting, but in defense of this church, showing it has been neither idle or inefficient. The most of our accessions have been from the outside world, so that, taking the idea of my text, we have not been building on other people's foundations.

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the Sanhedrim were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels it has especial work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families, all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing but the shifting of the population. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, from the Tennessee to the Potomac.

What strengthens the army is new recruits. What I have always desired is that while we are courteous to those coming from other flocks, we build our church not out of other churches, but out of the world, lost we build on another man's foundation. The fact is this is a big world. When, in our schoolboy days, we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since 6 o'clock this morning 60,000 persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the Gospel. In England, or in our eastern American cities, we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out west 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room for more, not building on another man's foundation.

We need as churches to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been proof against 30 years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending enough on one chandelier to light 500 souls to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever." Sin and delusion and many a dingy cabin meeting house, with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets, and a minister who never seen college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or horribly fascinated that will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select 144,000 compared with the Christ-rejecting churches of the two hundred millions outside of them, eight hundred thousand in Brooklyn, but less than one hundred thousand in the churches? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache "run-rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give up for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of three thousand acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre, and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure; but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major general comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, whose millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically, "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies!" There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in time, accentuation, say, "Come, for they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian associations. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the apostatic union and French Encyclopediahism, and Erastinianism, and Compiutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle, and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that for the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us know anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds and thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. That we go into a profound and eleborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not outside of the learned profession, 5,000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition:

"Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the divine Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of his universal government can best be obtained, reckons that which was done by the substitute in the same manner as if it had been done by those who believed in the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is—when a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door of each one the words: "No Admittance." I entered, and saw over the next door: "No Admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church: "No Admittance." And if the stranger enters he finds practically written over the second door: "No Admittance;" and if he goes in, over all the pew doors seems written: "No Admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, commonsense way, and laying aside the nonessentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God given mission, telling the people what they used and when and how they can get it.

Comparatively little effort has as yet been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we don't know how to treat them One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness, and pathos, and beauty, and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this; namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this. And the scribe said to him: "Well, master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love Him with all the heart, and all the unerstanding, and all the soul, and all the strength is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the iron pincers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew by what process he had lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day of the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to perdition sooner than another that is it. If I had had a father and mother I fear I should have been an infidel.

Others were tripped up of skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Twenty years ago they had lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did, there was no sign of oil produced. But the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopalian vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were got out setting what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said: "I don't know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock, and perhaps received the excitement and to keep them still, but after a while they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president, and different treasurer, and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the presidents and trustees and directors of that oil company professed. Of course their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical, and the people in an one-third of the United States army deserts every year, and there are 12,000 court-martial trials every year. Is that anything against the United States government that swore them in? And if soldiers of Jesus Christ desert, is that anything against the Christianity which they swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Oh, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus river so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get to the bottom of. They cannot understand the Trinity, or how God can be sovereign, and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say: "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say: "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" Neither can I tell. You preach on Easter morning and say: "That doctrine of the resurrection puzzled me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet their blistered way. The first word that children learn to utter is generally papa or mamma. I think the first word I ever uttered was "Why." I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour. Such men are not to be scoffed at, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones possibly can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land. There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds, if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, not through the parade, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily affected, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic, Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic, and when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the Gospel, they roll it on with what momemtum! If I address such men and women to-day I throw out no scoff. I implead them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and night of scarlet fever in which she watched them, and by the medicine at just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain, and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch where she took her last pay, and with which you fondly, catching her breath between the words and felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul; by all that, I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds, and tears, and blood, and groans, and agonies, and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow, and lacerated hand, and whipped back, and saying: "Come unto, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched occupied by those who are astray in their babies. All northern nations like those of North America and England and Scotland, that is in the colder climates, are devastated by alcoholism. They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so warm they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water limged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influences drop him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. Summer before last I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting, after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt to come from shore a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life boats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men; we have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between subiapsarianism and supralapsarianism while they have a thousand vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help he will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary God would come down from the sky, followed by the artillery of heaven and 1,600,000 angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in each of your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

Furthermore, the destitute children of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uneared for children are in the majority in Brooklyn and most of our cities When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outrote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York tombs and Raymond street jail cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. Church of God, wake up to your magnificent mission. You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow to work.

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalrymen mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount your war charger, if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? That God has called this church to especial work no one can doubt. Its history has been miraculous. God has helped us at every step, and though the wheels of its history have made many revolutions, they have all been forward, and never backward, and now with our borders enlarged and with important re enforcements we start on a new campaign. At Sharon Springs, nineteen years ago, walking in the park, I asked God if he had any particular work for me to do, to make it plain and I would do it. He revealed to me the style of church we were to have, and he revealed to me the architecture, and he revealed to me the modes of worship, and he revealed to me my work, and, as far as in my ignorance and in my weakness I have seen the right way, I have tried to walk in it. We decided that we wanted it a soul saving church, and it has almost been a constant outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Ye powers of darkness, ye devils in hell, we mean to snatch from your dominion other multitudes, if God will help us. I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179 a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army that assailed them. And I would to God that the church may be so mighty in prayer and work that it would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell might tremble. Now that the autumn has come, and the gospel ship has been repaired and enlarged, it is time to launch her for another year. Hoist sail, ye way-worn lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shining shore will welcome us into harbor. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

News of the Week.

IN CHICAGO.

The Presidential Party Arrives in the Windy City by the Lake—The Day and Its Incidents.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5—It was a welcome fitting the executive of this great republic that President Cleveland met with when he landed for the first time in his life at Chicago this morning.

The enthusiasm was electrical. Such crowds, such bright faces in the same numbers were never seen before.

There must have been 50,000 men, women and children gathered within a few blocks of the station.

All the streets leading to that thoroughfare were choked up completely with a press of human beings. Above the heads of the crowd could be seen the helmeted military. They were truly a fine lot of men in all, four companies of cavalry and artillery. Their arrival caused a sensation, which grew more and more tumultuous as the Presidential equipage appeared on the scene.

The crowd was entirely good natured. Its one wish seemed to be to express respect for the President and his lady. Although boisterous at times, as all crowds are, this one was on its good behavior and strenuously enjoyed the requests of the police to stand back and leave a clear space through which the President might pass. As the President's carriage moved away the military formed around it, and the crowd fell in and followed.

The President took off his hat the moment he got into the carriage and bowed and smiled as the roar of cheers went up. He seemed well pleased with his welcome, and well he might be, for it was royal.

Mrs. Cleveland wore a black traveling dress, and, although wearied from her long journey, she looked as fresh and charming as usual.

As the President's carriage, with the fair mistress of the White House came in view a cheer went up from the masses that filled the streets as the carriage advanced, but the demeanor of the lady in the midst of the line of march was in striking contrast to the unceasing din of cheers that greeted the President further on.

There was no music until the procession got to Twenty-third street, and the crowds did nothing but look at the President and Mrs. Cleveland.

Closing up behind the carriages came the Milwaukee Light Horse squadron and battery F, 4th artillery, United States army.

The crowd had yelled itself hoarse cheering for the President, when the second division swung into line at the corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Down Twenty-third street, Wabash avenue and Thirty-fifth street the people were packed as never before in the history of Chicago.

On the tops of houses and in the windows were crowds of eager faces, and from roofs floated streamers evidently improvised hurriedly for the occasion.

Down at Twenty-second street, where the procession began, there was a repetition of the depot scene, and a man might as well have attempted to walk through a brick wall as to force his way into the midst of this fence of men and women.

The main procession started from Twenty-second street promptly at 10 o'clock.

As the procession moved along the President was kept busy bowing and smiling. Most of the time he looked pleased. The ladies seemed particularly anxious to get a good look at the President's wife, and many were more aggressive in thrusting themselves forward than were the men.

It was a succession of ovations the President received. All along the route up Michigan avenue there extended thousands, and thousands of spectators' faces looked out of the windows. Men were to be seen on roofs of houses and all over flashed the stars and strips, while the music of many bands and the cheering of the populace filled the air.

When the head of the procession reached the grand stand of the Auditorium, the President and the reception committee took their places on the reviewing stand. It was after 10 o'clock when the last of the procession had past in review before the President.

Mayor Roche then, addressing the President, welcomed him to Chicago. The President responded.

How the Curious Sought to Get a Look at the Guests.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—During the whole parade the first lady of the land was stared at by thousands upon thousands, many of whom were drawn to the scene by patriotism and others through curiosity. "I want to see Mrs. Cleveland," said a matronly-looking woman to escort. "I don't care a rap for all the rest of it if I can only get her." Then, as the object of her curiosity came into view she looked intently at the lovely face of the President's wife, and tossing her head, said, "Well, this is one of the few times in my life that I have not been disappointed in a much talked-of woman. She has got a sweet face, there is no denying that. Now I am going home." On the avenue just beyond Twenty-third street stood two young women wearing tailor made suits, and supplied with an escort in the way of a cigarette smoking young man who insisted that the whole affair was an "awful bore," and that he "really wished he had postponed participating in the ceremonies until he had attended the reception this evening at the Columbia."

Mrs. Cleveland smiled sweetly and inclined her head in recognition of the waving handkerchiefs and hearty hand-clapping through which the members of the Calumet club and their guests tendered their welcome to the party as the head of the procession passed the magnificently-decorated club-house.

Just beyond the Calumet, a grey-bearded son of Erin forced his way as near as possible to the Presidential equipage, and called out in clarion tones, that rung high above the cheers and hand-clapping: "Long life to yez, Mister Cleveland, I knew yez in Buffalo afoore yez was President." The Chief Executive smiled good-naturedly, and inclined his head to the self-announced acquaintance of earlier days.

"I wonder if she looks like her pictures?" said one of a party of young women to her companions, and then as she saw the face of the President's wife, she exclaimed enthusiastically: "Well, there is *one* woman whom a photographer has not flattered. She has the sweetest face I ever saw."

"Don't that remind one of old times?" said an impulsive miss of sixteen, as the escort drum corps passed with the marching columns, keeping step to "Yankee Doodle," and the dear girl seemed for the moment to forget that she had not made her advent upon this mundane sphere until 1870 or thereabouts.

One of the stone paving slabs on the east side of State street, just south of Jackson, broke in twain under the great weight of the struggling crowd, and a panic was for a moment threatened. Fortunately, however, no one was injured. The plank sidewalk surrounding a saloon at the corner of Third avenue and Jackson street went down with a crashing sound as the procession passed and one or two women were crushed during the fright, but no one was seriously injured, so far as could be learned.

The staging in the rear of the President also crashed down but nobody was hurt beyond a few scratches.

The President Takes a Trip to Camp Sheridan—Crowds Greet Him.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—Swarms of people again filled all the approaches to the Palmer House, this morning, eagerly watching for a glimpse of President Cleveland when he should emerge for a drive to the military camp. Crowds of workmen and shop

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Kentucky Commercial and Industrial convention has adjourned, after a most successful session.

The circulation of the Paris papers, *Siecle* and *La Tonterne*, has been prohibited in Alsace-Lorraine.

The Nautical society of Hamburg has offered a prize of 500 marks for the best essay on the subjects of calming the sea by the use of oil.

Owing to the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in Europe, an order in council has been passed prohibiting the importation of rags from Mediterranean ports into Canada.

M. Maudet, the French consul at Lauriam, has been dismissed on account of attentions paid by him to an Orleans princess while the latter was making a tour of Greece.

A passenger from Rugby, Tenn., brings news that the mother of Thos. Hughes, of England, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," died at Rugby. Her son Thomas returned to England a week ago after a visit to his aged mother.

Only four Dominion cruisers will continue in the fisheries protection service after the 10th inst., the rest being withdrawn from commission the first of the season. So far little or no complaint of the manner in which the service is performed has been made by the United States authorities.

A mass meeting in London was attended by 10,000 persons at the tower hill. Police seized the platform at the opening of the meeting and dissolved the mass of the promoters of the demonstration. Speeches were made from six platforms. The speakers condemned the governments Irish policy and the conduct of the police at Mitchelstown.

Dr. Parker, of London, preached a memorial sermon to Plymouth church Sunday from the text "He is not dead but risen." The church was never more crowded. Beecher's assistant, Rev. S. H. Halliday, the present acting pastor, and Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, also spoke. Beecher's text was: "He kept it with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside."

In December, 1883, Henry Kemper was found dead, early one morning in his grocery store, on Barr street, Cincinnati. No clue to the murderer could be found. A negro was tried for the crime, but acquitted. Now comes a story that, within a day or two, a daughter of Kemper, living at Dayton, O., has received a letter from her brother, Celso, confessing that he murdered his father with a club, for money.

The National Republican club of the District of Columbia has perfected a permanent organization by election of Hon. A. M. Clapp permanent president; C. Rice permanent secretary; Maj. C. H. Hempstead, treasurer. A member to represent each state and territory and the District of Columbia. Vice presidents are chiefly senators and representatives in Congress. This is distinctively a political club. There has been no club of the kind in the organization of the kind in this city except small state associations, composed of office-holders, although there are two prominent Democratic clubs one of which has been existence many years.

NO DYNAMITE.

The Resolution in Favor of the Anarchists Declared Out of Order.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 11—Only one session of the Knights of Labor General Assembly was held yesterday and that was called to order at 2 p. m. by James E. Quinn, of District Assembly 49, New York, the famous "kicker" and home club man, presented the following resolution under a suspension of the rules:

Considering that the development of the human mind in the nineteenth century has reached a point expressed almost universally against the infliction of the sentence of the ultimate of human life by judicial process as a relic of barbarism; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this convention express sorrow that the men in Chicago were doomed to death, and that it use every endeavor to secure a commutation of the sentence of death passed upon them.

The convention was at once thrown into the wildest excitement, scores of delegates trying at the same time to obtain the floor.

General Master Workman Powderly decided the resolution out of order.

Joseph Evans, of Pittsburg, appealed from the decision. The appeal was lost by a vote of 151 to 52.

Before the appeal was taken Mr. Powderly called General Worthy Foreman Griffith, of Chicago, to the chair, and in a short, vehement speech, called upon the convention to defeat the resolution. He said no true Knight could be an anarchist. It was the hottest speech Powderly has been known to make.

The Knights of Labor general assembly this morning approved the demand of the local printers for an increased scale of wages, and congratulated them on the matter having been submitted for arbitration.

The other business of the morning session was delayed on account of a motion to suspend rules to allow a calling of the roll of districts and the representatives and assemblies.

It was also stated by the chair that this would be the last opportunity the delegates would have to attend to business, as after to-day the convention would move right along on routine business to the end.

A. A. Carlton presided, as General Master Workman Powderly pronounced himself tired.

A letter was read from the state assembly of Belgium, extending congratulations to the convention for its straight-forward work and sentiments endorsed.

The committee appointed several days ago to denounce the Baltimore & Ohio deal brought in several scathing resolutions, and advised that a memorial be prepared for signatures and sent to Congress.

A SUGAR COMBINE.

A Gigantic Scheme Wherein Fifty Millions of Capital Are Invested.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—[Special wire.]—The *Sun* says:

For a number of months past the principal sugar refiners of this country have been negotiating the formation of a trust similar to the Standard Oil trust, and the American Cotton Seed trust.

The matter has been conducted with the greatest secrecy. It is known that one of the recent hitches was over the valuation that should be put on some of the plants that were to go into the combination, and another source of anxiety has been the attitude of one of the large refining concerns outside of this city.

As is well known, the great bulk of the sugar refining business of the country is centered in this city. The two outsiders with whom it has been considered desirable allies are Harrison, Frazier & Co., of Philadelphia, and Nash, Spaulding & Co., of Boston. The last named has shown a good deal of unfriendliness in going in, and so far as can be learned, has not committed itself in the matter. It is suggested that if any one of the firms wanted to stay out of the combination and make allies with Claus Spreckles, who has practically a monopoly of the sugar business of the Pacific coast, they could make the combination very weary.

It is suggested in the trade that the combination may never take such a form as to furnish the public evidence of its existence, for the reason that a formally organized trust would at once attract attention, to say nothing of antagonism that might result in the abolition of duty on sugar.

This would leave the "combine" in a sad plight, as the business is largely dependent on the protection the duty gives it by keeping out foreign refined sugars.

How important protection is to the business is shown by the belief in the trade that those forming the combination have been influenced largely by a proposed reduction in the drawback allowed on sugars refined here and exported, from 2 cents to 1¾ cents. It is estimated that the combined resources of the concerns mentioned would represent fully $20,000,000 of capital.

HORRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Four Cars Burned and Many Lives Sacrificed to the Flames.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Reports received here are to the effect that 25 people were killed and a large number of others injured in the wreck on the Chicago & Atlantic.

The catastrophe occurred at Kouts, a small station 40 miles east of Valparaiso.

It is inferred that the fated train was the passenger and express from the E st, due in Chicago this morning.

A relief expedition was quickly and recently organized by the officials here and dispatched to the scene. The passengers are to be hurried forward as soon as possible.

Two passenger trains arrived in Chicago early in the morning from the east. It is not known which was involved, the officials of the company refusing the slightest scrap of information.

As nearly as can be judged, the horror occurred between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning.

A telegram received here at 11:35 a. m., said ten bodies had been taken from the wreck and the men conducting the ghastly work were unable to say how many others were still in the debris.

In addition to the killed, the telegram says a list has been prepared showing the injured to the number of at least 21 persons.

SURELY YELLOW FEVER.

The Citizens of Tampa, Fla., Doing Nothing to Help the Doctors.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Surgeon General Hamilton has received the following telegram from Dr. Wall, president of the board of Health, of Tampa, Fla., in response to a telegram inquiring as to the precise nature of the disease prevailing in that city:

It is, unquestionably, yellow fever, though popular sentiment of those remaining here is against use. There is nothing in the weather with the characteristic letegrine. One death yesterday, the 10th. It is all over the place, and the city authorities are doing nothing.

The Mormons.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Oct. 11.—[Special wire.]—The Mormon conference has adjourned after a four day's session. No President of the church was chosen. Wilford Woodruff was sustained as "President of the Twelve Apostles" and ex-officio of the church, George Q Connor, Joseph F. Smith, and the rest, including Woodruff, as apostles, seers and revelators.

THE RIVAL CITIES.

The Great Municipalities of the Northwest Vie with Each Other to Honor Their Guests.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 11.—The Presidential train arrived on time last night and fully 50,000 people were on the streets to greet the occupants. The President's carriage was driven to the Ryan house, where Mayor Smith welcomed the guests. The President responded as follows:

I was reminded by invitation, which I recollect, to visit the state of Minnesota and city of St. Paul, that a distinguished citizen visiting here in 1880 spoke of this place as the center of the continent of North America. He stated his belief that the ultimate last seat of the government of this great continent would be found somewhere near or far from the spot on which he stood at the head of the navigation of the Mississippi river.

At the time of Mr. Seward's visit the population of your state was 172,000; of St. Paul, 10,000. That small I say, after 27 years have passed, find here a state containing nearly 1,500,000 and its capital with a population nearly as great as that of the state itself in 1860?

While one is considering this great growth he is actually amazed by the fact that 60 per cent. or more of the population of the state has been added within the last five years; that the population of St. Paul has more than trebled within the same time.

The marvelous city of St. Paul, scorning the ordinary steps by which cities reach the land, springing almost at once to prominence and greatness, her people scrambling to build as if by magic, not in its volume, constantly increasing, and erecting without fear or hesitation business blocks rivaling in expense and splendor those of the largest and oldest of our cities, exhibits a pluck and energy of character which every American citizen can claim a share of pride and satisfaction.

All this has been accomplished by our fellow citizens upon American soil, under the encouragement and encouragement of American institutions and laws.

My visit to you being a social one, and trusting that we have a sort of a friendly feeling for each other, I want to suggest to you one reason why I am particularly and personally interested in St. Paul and its people.

Some years ago a young girl dwelt among you and went to school. She has grown up to be a woman and is now my wife. If any one thanks the President ought not to mention things of this sort in public, I hope he or she does not live in St. Paul, for I don't want to shock anybody when I thank the people of St. Paul because my mother married her spoiled my wife, [laughter] and when I tell them that they are related to that in my life, better than all earthly honors and distinctions.

Remember you may be sure that her pleasant recollections of school days will be reinforced by no less a pleasant memory of our present visit. Thus will our joint interest in St. Paul and its kind citizens be increased and perpetuated.

At 7:40 the Presidential party again took their carriages and were driven about the illuminated and crowded streets down Jackson to Third where the toboggan and snow shoe clubs were drawn up in line on either side of the street and backed up by the general crowd.

At Bridge Square the President and party mounted the reviewing stand and the procession passed before him.

Tobegganers to the number of 1,500 were veiling their club cais. In front of the President was a large arch with the legend "Welcome to the Chief," written in electric lines of fire.

Returning to the hotel the grand reception to the public began.

To-day the party will be taken for a drive about the city, leaving for Minneapolis at noon.

The rain and the President came out rather late this morning, and brightened up a hitherto chilly and cloudy morning until it warmed into regular Cleveland weather with a Minnesota sharpness to it.

The city looks very pretty in its dress of fluttering streamers and the streets are all alive with animated sight seers.

The Presidential party breakfasted together about 9 o'clock, and at 9:45 took carriages for a drive around the city.

The drive was a revelation to Mrs. Cleveland, the splendid advancement of the city since she saw it as a school girl of 14, being only equalled by her own brilliant destiny.

At Summit park, in the very heart of the best residence portion of the city, several hundred ladies and children had gathered and the shrill treble of childrens voices and the waving of dainty handkerchiefs as the four white horses bearing the Presidential party came prancing by and made a very animated scene which greatly pleased and interested the visitors.

At 12 o'clock the party left for Minneapolis.

IN MINNEAPOLIS.

The Sister City Not to be Outdone by Her Rival Across the Way.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 11.—Complete arrangements have been made for the reception of the Presidential party to-day, and every vehicle which broke through the retreating night cloudy and gloomy, have deigned to smile as the morning wears on. The streets are filled with throngs of people, anxious to do honor to their chief executive and gratify a pardonable curiosity.

The Presidential party arrived from St. Paul at 12:25, and were met at the station and escorted by Mayor Ames, Commander-in-Chief John P. Rea, of the G. A. R., and other prominent citizens, to the West Hotel.

After a lunch and a short rest, a carriage drive was taken through the principal business and residence portion of the city, under escort of the city officials, citizens, and various military and civic associations.

Next the exposition was visited. A procession was formed from the West Hotel, and upon arrival at the exposition building the President was escorted to the amphitheater, where Mayor Ames delivered the formal address of welcome, and the President responded:

After the President's response the party was escorted through the building and back to the West Hotel.

At 7:15 p. m. departure will be taken for the depot, under civic and military escort, the train leaving at 8 p. m.

THE WOOL DEAL.

The Eastern Advocates Come Back at the Western Investigators.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—The *American Wool Reporter*, in its next issue will say:

The recent decreased imports of wool affords the best possible answer to the recent windy speeches and statements originating in a Western paper, alleging that the present depression in the wool market is due to a gigantic ring between Eastern manufacturers and New York and Boston custom house officials who have by undervaluation

AN INDIAN RAID.

Chased by Cowboys They Give Up the Stolen Property.

EL PASO, Tex., Oct. 11.—A letter received here yesterday by Judge J. F. Crosby, president of a ranching company whose lands are located in Mexico about 150 miles southeast from El Paso, brings news of an Indian raid on the company's ranch.

The letter is from Lieutenant Britton Davis, manager of the company's property. He relates that a party of red skins stole about twenty horses from the ranch October 2. He at once set out a troop of cowboys, commanded by a man named McGrew, in pursuit.

On October 4, a courier from McGrew brought a letter to Davis. McGrew says:

We had a fight with the Indians this morning at 10 o'clock near Lake Santa Maria. We exchanged about 70 shots and recovered nearly all our horses and also some belonging to other parties.

We saw seven Indians, one of them seemed to be an American or Mexican. The Indians have only six or seven horses left. We gave the Indians a long chase. I will remain here till help comes then I will follow the Indians.

MINISTER MANNING DEAD.

After a Brief Illness He Passes Away at 9 O'clock this Morning.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Judge Thomas C. Manning, United States minister to Mexico, died at 9 o'clock this morning at the Fifth Avenue hotel. He has been ill for about a week, and took sick shortly after his arrival in this city to attend the meeting of the Peabody Educational fund, of which he was one of the trustees.

The cause of his death was an obstruction of the bowels.

First Snow of the Season.

LIVINGSTON, M. T., Oct. 8.—The first snow of the season in the valley commenced falling yesterday. The ground is now covered three inches deep. Snow fell on the mountains Wednesday night, and the high peaks were coated white. The weather is now moderating.

FOWDERLY'S REPORT.

The General Master Workman Explains Some Matters in Question.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 7.—The leading features of the annual report of Grand Master Workman Powderly, which was read before the convention are: The advocacy of an addition to the Federal government of a department to be known as the department of labor; the establishment of government telegraphs, and the founding of a journal to be under the control of the order.

Mr. Powderly said:

The question of my being a member of the Socialist Organization has been made the subject of so much comment of late that I believe it but fair to this General assembly that I make known my connection with Socialism, or rather with the men who in former years were at the head of Socialistic Labor party.

In 1880 Philip Van Patten, National secretary of the Socialistic Labor party, was a member of the General Executive board of the Knights of Labor.

I became very intimate with him, and we frequently discussed various measures of reform, which all men in the movement regarded as of importance. He sent me a red card of membership some time about the month of August, 1880, and the card was paid up by him for three months.

I regarded it as a complimentary act on the part of brother Van Patten.

I saw, however, that the declaration of principles of the Knights of Labor contained all of the socialism that I cared to advocate, and I never took any action on the card except to keep it as a memento of the days when we were associated as above stated.

I never cast a vote for a candidate of that party, was never a member of any of its sessions, had no connection with it except in the manner related above.

The use of firearms or dynamite is not advocated by socialists. Confiscation of property, or distribution of wealth, or in fact the bestowing of wealth or means on those who have not worked and earned it, is rejected socialism.

It is robbery; it is ruinine, and no sane man can advocate such doctrine.

In believing in the declaration of principles of this order makes of me a socialist, than I have no idendity to make, but will leave it to any or other society in which questions of labor or reform are discussed, I deny.

P. McGunghey, secretary of the co-operative board of the Knights of Labor, said this morning that the result of the vote in the case of James R. Buchanan, the rejected delegate from district assembly 82, of Denver, as given by the latter was false, and that the vote was unanimous against Buchanan.

The effect of Powderly's address yesterday has been generally good, and it is thought he will gain friends by the sentiments expressed, although they were somewhat antiquated.

His expressions with regard to his alleged connection with socialism and anarchy were well received and has won much comment in his favor.

It is learned that the report that a big fight would be made in convention over the new constitution is not wholly without foundation. In fact, the feeling of several among delegates to the effect that such a fight is quite likely to come up in convention, and that the constitution will be bitterly opposed by the "antis."

What strength they will be able to develop, if the matter is brought up and reaches a vote, is not known. A prominent eastern knight expresses the opinion that the dissatisfaction over this matter is very much stronger than the administration men have any idea of.

The "Antis" would have to poll a two-thirds vote to win.

The principal point of opposition among the "Antis" seems to be that they do not like the idea of the general officers holding office for a two year term.

They also make the claim that at least two of the present general officers—Secretary Litchman and Treasurer Turner—are wholly incompetent. Whether they have any facts in regard to the two general officers named, in support of their assertion, is not known.

The administration delegates asked in regard to the matter state emphatically that the charges of incompetency made against Turner and Litchman are entirely without foundation. In fact, they say two better men for the position named could not be found in the organization. It is quite evident that the two factions in this convention fear each other.

The fact that lengthy secret caucusses are held nightly goes a long way to sustaining this belief.

General Secretary Litchman presented his report to-day. It was very voluminous. Following is a short synopsis:

The number of members reported in good standing at last session of the general assembly was 702,924, and the number of members in arrears 26,753.

This made the apparent membership of the order as then reported 129,677.

The tremendous growth in the early part of 1886 will be remembered.

The people came into the order by the hundred thousand so that a suspension of initiations for 40 days was ordered.

After this 40 days had expired, the rush again commenced and the result was to bring to the organization a mass of material that proved itself to be a weakness rather than a strength. For the six months following the session of the general assembly at Richmond the papers of the country have been filled continually with assaults upon the order upon the general officers and every thing possibly done to disintegrate and destroy the order. Yet in spite of all this opposition, the total number reported in good standing July, 1, 18 n round number 485,-000.

Add to this, the nearly 5,000 who are in the same relation to the order as were the 26,753 reported as in arrears upon the last report, and we would have the membership of the order 535,000 July 1, 1887.

This would indicate an apparent decrease of about 195,000 members.

The receipts for the fiscal year ending July 1 are shown to be $388,731, giving with balance on hand a grand total of $508,647.

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DUN'S REPORT.

A Review of the Trade for the Past Seven Days.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—R. G. Dunn & Co's. weekly report says: Every condition for a marked advance in prices has now been supplied that government or operators can control.

If the advance does not come it will be clear that the locking up of capital in railroad, other buildings in real estate operations and in speculations of various kinds has more depressing influence than many realize.

The absorption of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph by the Western Union removes an important cause of hesitation in the stock market and progress toward a reconstruction in the Reading settlement and western rate troubles remove others.

Treasury purchases of bonds and imports of gold makes the supply of money in abundance and railway earnings continue to exceed those of last year.

The increased supply of money is not yet felt at all points.

Chicago is shipping less money to the country, though loans to carry grain in other cities are large and the commercial demand is greater than usual, but at Omaha money is very tight and the merchants are complaining.

Trade is excellent, but collections only fair.

At Detroit the increased demand raises the rate, and collections are slow.

At Cleveland, money is close, with business better.

At Kansas City the market is close, collections only fair, and trade good.

At Denver a sharp demand is freely met.

At Southern points the pressure is made a little less severe by some improvement in collections.

The iron trade is but little weakened by the enormous output, which was 18.6 per cent. above the output of a year ago. The best grades are still firm. No. 2 is plenty; grey forge is in over supply.

Some eastern mills offer rails at $35 for next year's delivery. Bar is a little weaker. The markets for copper, tin and lead, are stronger. Wool remains easy and dull. Boston receipts and sales are less than half of last year's sales since January 1 and over 28 per cent. below last years.

The loan demand shows a little larger than that of last year and shipments thus far are showing an increase of 5 per cent. and the outlook is considered encouraging.

Cotton is a shade lower in spite of the extravagantly gloomy reports sent out from Southern districts.

The dry goods trade shows no important change. One of the most important labor difficulties—the window glass strike has been ended.

Quarterly statements of failures show that past disturbances have been more serious than many realized.

Business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 185; for Canada, 27. The casualties in the Eastern and Middle states are very light, the great bulk of the failures of the week being in the West and South.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The Session Closed and Officers Elected—Favors the Inter-State Commerce Law.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 6.—The national Farmers' Alliance closed its annual session here night last night, and adjourned to meet next year at DesMoines.

The following officers were elected: President, J. Burrows, of Nebraska; vice president, ex-Senator L. D. Whiting, of Illinois; secretary, August Post, of Iowa; treasurer, J. J. Furlong, of Minnesota; lecturer, A. C. Clark, of Dakota.

J. Burrows, the new president, is 55 years of age. He was born in Western New York, and is an old soldier.

Gen. T. H. Barrett, president of the Minnesota alliance, presented a long address, which was adopted as the sentiment of the alliance. It was devoted chiefly to denunciations of the present railway system as proving monopolistic power to the detriment of the people.

Regarding the inter-state law it says:

If the law proves defective make it efficient—in no case let it be repealed.

Take no step backward, either in state or national legislation. The government must control railroads. Legislation is necessary to protect the people—it ought to go no further.

Dividends upon watered stocks are a continuous and a continued fraud upon the public, which no lapse of time can consume.

Every dollar of every railway corporation should be open to public scrutiny. If honestly conducted, no private interest can be injured, and if dishonestly managed, the public has a right to know it.

Foreign capture, including salaries paid to railway officials, are proper objects for public scrutiny. The public will be reasonable. The people pay the bills. They have a right to know where the money goes. Railway property pays taxes, as does all property, and which every American citizen can claim a share of pride and satisfaction.

All this has been accomplished by our fellow citizens upon American soil, under the encouragement and encouragement of American institutions and laws.

My visit to you being a social one, and trusting that we have a sort of a friendly feeling for each other, I want to suggest to you one reason why I am particularly and personally interested in St. Paul and its people.

Some years ago a young girl dwelt among you and went to school. She has grown up to be a woman and is now my wife. If any one thanks the President ought not to mention things of this sort in public, I hope he or she does not live in St. Paul, for I don't want to shock anybody when I thank the people of St. Paul because my mother married her spoiled my wife, [laughter] and when I tell them that they are related to that in my life, better than all earthly honors and distinctions.

Remember you may be sure that her pleasant recollections of school days will be reinforced by no less a pleasant memory of our present visit. Thus will our joint interest in St. Paul and its kind citizens be increased and perpetuated.

At 7:40 the Presidential party again took their carriages and were driven about the illuminated and crowded streets down Jackson to Third where the toboggan and snow shoe clubs were drawn up in line on either side of the street and backed up by the general crowd.

At Bridge Square the President and party mounted the reviewing stand and the procession passed before him.

Tobegganers to the number of 1,500 were veiling their club cais. In front of the President was a large arch with the legend "Welcome to the Chief," written in electric lines of fire.

Returning to the hotel the grand reception to the public began.

To-day the party will be taken for a drive about the city, leaving for Minneapolis at noon.

The rain and the President came out rather late this morning, and brightened up a hitherto chilly and cloudy morning until it warmed into regular Cleveland weather with a Minnesota sharpness to it.

The city looks very pretty in its dress of fluttering streamers and the streets are all alive with animated sight seers.

The Presidential party breakfasted together about 9 o'clock, and at 9:45 took carriages for a drive around the city.

The drive was a revelation to Mrs. Cleveland, the splendid advancement of the city since she saw it as a school girl of 14, being only equalled by her own brilliant destiny.

At Summit park, in the very heart of the best residence portion of the city, several hundred ladies and children had gathered and the shrill treble of childrens voices and the waving of dainty handkerchiefs as the four white horses bearing the Presidential party came prancing by and made a very animated scene which greatly pleased and interested the visitors.

At 12 o'clock the party left for Minneapolis.

IN MINNEAPOLIS.

The Sister City Not to be Outdone by Her Rival Across the Way.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 11.—Complete arrangements have been made for the reception of the Presidential party to-day, and every vehicle which broke through the retreating night cloudy and gloomy, have deigned to smile as the morning wears on. The streets are filled with throngs of people, anxious to do honor to their chief executive and gratify a pardonable curiosity.

The Presidential party arrived from St. Paul at 12:25, and were met at the station and escorted by Mayor Ames, Commander-in-Chief John P. Rea, of the G. A. R., and other prominent citizens, to the West Hotel.

After a lunch and a short rest, a carriage drive was taken through the principal business and residence portion of the city, under escort of the city officials, citizens, and various military and civic associations.

Next the exposition was visited. A procession was formed from the West Hotel, and upon arrival at the exposition building the President was escorted to the amphitheater, where Mayor Ames delivered the formal address of welcome, and the President responded:

After the President's response the party was escorted through the building and back to the West Hotel.

At 7:15 p. m. departure will be taken for the depot, under civic and military escort, the train leaving at 8 p. m.

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ORGANIZED ROBBERS.

The Wool Industry of the United States Being Ruined by Democratic Frauds.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 8.—The *Globe-Democrat* publishes this morning an article on wool, in which it said:

The depressed condition of the wool market which was first noticed in the beginning of July, and which has been getting worse as the season advances instead of better, has so mystified the wool factors that a secret investigation has recently been on foot which promises to expose a gigantic ring among eastern manufacturers and New York and Boston custom house officials.

The secret investigations have discovered that choice unwashed Australian wools, which costs 21 cents in European markets, are taking the place of American wool of the same grade which are sold in the home market for 27 cents.

But the tariff on the foreign market is 10 cents per pound, which ought to make it cost the American buyer 31 cents, not counting expenses of shipping.

One of the discoveries made was that the custom house officials in New York had been undervaluing wool entered at that port, thus reducing the tariff to such an extent as to enable the highest grades to sell below even the medium and lower grades of the American article.

One instance in particular showed a saving of 20 cents on each pound. Scoured wool, on which the tariff is 30, was entered as waste wool at 10 cents per pound, and it came in by the ship load, the custom house officials passing it in this manner with a readiness that gave rise to very loud suspicions of crookedness.

In this particular case, however, Secretary Fairchild interposed his authority, and scoured wool is now paying full duty of 30 per cent.

Other similar frauds of even greater magnitude than these, wool men claim are being made, and thus declare that a ring exists among certain manufacturers and importers in the East and the importers beyond the Atlantic. This ring, it is charged, includes custom house employes, and perhaps officials in both New York and Boston.

The organization effected among the commission houses did not prove a success, and the result of their investigation will be awaited with interest.

Said a leading commissioner:

I believe one of the biggest rings ever organized in this country has been manipulating the wool market through connivance of custom house officials at New York and Boston. They have by undervaluation passed millions of pounds of wool through the ports and loaded the market.

They have been able to supply the demand with foreign wools at prices that defied American competition, and while we have been at their mercy we knew nothing of their existence.

The effect of the depression cannot be estimated. The Eastern manufacturers who are in in the ring will be able to defy the competition of the Western manufacturers, as well as the outsiders in the East.

It is not only hurts the Western manufacturers and the less-favored manufacturer in the East, but it injures the American wool-grower wherever he is to be found.

It has certainly worked great injury to the wool factors in St. Louis as well as in the East, and nobody knows where or when it will stop.

There is no doubt that an amazing amount of crookedness has been discovered, and when that is done I think the condition of affairs will suddenly change.

BRITISH BRUTALITY.

Additional Reports of the Evictions in Northwestern Iowa.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Oct. 8.—[Special wire.]—The brief Associated Press telegram from Washington, reciting sundry cruel evictions in northwestern Iowa, has been more than doubted here in all quarters.

One of the most public citizens of O'Brien county, was asked last night as to the truthfulness of the dispatches and instantly confirmed it.

In regard to the English land company, which is said to be turning American citizens out of their homes, he said:

It certainly is true.

They are an old firm reorganized into the Western Land company.

They bought from the old McGregor Western, or its assigns, the Milwaukee and the Sioux City companies, some lands granted to the McGregor Western in 1864, but never earned, never built, never run.

When Teller was secretary of the Interior, he and the Land commissioner both declared the lands unearned, and promised to open them for settlement. On the faith of these declarations and promises, many settlers went upon the lands and built their houses. The English syndicate now has the railroad title, and proposes to keep possession.

How many families have they evicted?

At least 400. Before they get through the number will be increased to 1400.

You say you know some of the families. Were any of those you know subjected to undue severity in their evictions?

Yes, the Finch family locked their doors against the intruders, but the doors and windows were broken in and they were carried out and compelled to spend the night on the public road. In the case of Neils Nelson the same thing happened, and he has so informed the troop of armed men, and by levies on his live stock and furniture, that he signed the company's lease.

Others have been terrorized into doing the same thing.

In one case with which I am perfectly familiar, the mother-in-law, who is a member of the family, was sick abed. She was carried out into a lovely rain and compelled to lie in the night there, and in the morning seek such shelter as the family could find for her. These are only a few of the cases I personally know, but they will do for a sample of about a hundred that have occurred and half as many more that are to happen.

APPEALING TO LIQUOR MEN.

How the Democrats are Conducting Their Campaign.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—The liquor trade will play an important part in the Democratic campaign this fall, as regards both the state and the city ticket. The Democrats base all their hopes upon the promised support of the brewers, distillers and the liquor interest generally. The duty of organizing the liquor men has been left to the Brewers' association of Philadelphia, and that body has held long and frequent meetings at its Arch street headquarters.

It is said in this connection that the association has enlisted the aid of the Personal Liberty league in the movement, and the latter organization through its ward branches is actively at work in a quiet way throughout the city. The league is a strong advocate of broader ideas of freedom than most lovers of law and order care for, urging among other measures the sale of liquor on Sunday. Its interest in and relation to the liquor men is, therefore, really understood.

The conferences between the two bodies have mostly been held on Sunday afternoons in the rooms of the Brewers' association. The latter organization is fully equipped for the campaign, having laid in a large stock of poll tax receipts for gratuitous distribution and a complete list of the voters of Philadelphia. The contest this fall is, therefore, plainly between the Democrats and the liquor men on one side, and the Republican on the other.

TEXAS COTTON CROP.

A Discouraging Outlook Reported from All Over the State.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 7.—Returns from 61 counties in Texas on the condition of the cotton crop are published by the *News*, which says, editorially:

The outlook is by no means favorable. A month ago the prospects of the Texas cotton crop were very flattering for a fair yield. But these flattering prospects have been sadly reversed within the past month. The rains that came in August found the crop much more injured by the drouth of the early summer than there was reason to suppose, and the subsequent rains have ruined a very large proportion of the state by the ravages of the cotton worm.

Over 30 counties reporting show a loss in the yield, compared with last year, of 50 per cent., amounting on the average to possibly an excess of 25 per cent., while not more than thirteen of the counties show an increase compared with last year, the increase averaging not more than 15 per cent.

This is a sorry showing for the cotton crop of the state.

A number of counties show an equal yield to that of last year, but the most important portion of the state embraces the counties which usually make the greatest yield.

The *News* closes its summary by declaring that its reports may be relied upon, and predicts that the cotton crop of Texas will not reach the yield of last year as a maximum estimate by 7 to 10 per cent, and without respect to the increased acreage.

ASTRONOMICAL SURVEY.

The Dominion Explorers Making Excellent Progress—To Return Next Year.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 7.—The Dominion astronomical survey will be concluded shortly. The party has reached Port Arthur, and all that remains is to make experiments by telegraph with the Montreal or Cambridge, Mass., observatories. Work was commenced at Victoria, B. C., on data obtained from the American observatory on the Pacific coast. The results achieved are numerous, including the location of the principal meridian in the northwest as well as the discovery of sidereal errors in Northwest surveys.

The Interior department recently had advices from the exploratory survey party sent to Northern British Columbia, which has been gathering general information regarding the country. The party propose to winter near Fort Reliance, about 100 miles north of Victoria. After obtaining more men the party will endeavor to penetrate across the country as far north as Mackenzie's Bay, on the Arctic ocean.

The explorers will start for home by a new route, descending Mackenzie's river and entering civilization at Edmonton. They expect to reach Ottawa by next fall.

A preliminary meeting to organize a command in Chicago of the Society of Veterans of the Regular Army and Navy, has been held.

THE CROPS.

The Statistical Report of the Department of Agriculture—A Favorable Showing in Corn—General Review.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—The statistical report